

# THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

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By Edwin Hughes.

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(Late) Duchess of Leinster.

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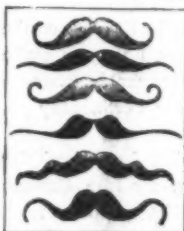
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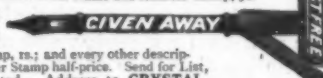


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## ARE SAVAGES BETTER OFF?

AN ex-officer in the German army declares that savages have a better time than civilised men. He wants to found a colony to carry out his ideas. The people are to cast aside the dress and customs of civilisation and live on an island in the Pacific just like barbarians, except that they shall not engage in war. Their diet is to be purely vegetable, and in the tropics they can live almost without labour.

"Under my plan men would have better souls and better stomachs," says this queer German.

We don't know about the souls. Learned theologians can tell more on that subject than we can. As for the stomach, it is sadly true that civilisation has found many ways of afflicting it. The spectacled professors who study the bones of primeval man say that, from the development of his jaws, it is clear that our prehistoric ancestor never had indigestion.

Here is the experience of a man of our own day and date. He says: "For over twenty years I suffered from a bad stomach. I had a bad taste in the mouth and no proper relish for my meals. After eating I had great pain at the chest and side, also a gnawing pain at the pit of the stomach. When the attacks of indigestion were severe I had palpitation of the heart, and at times I felt alarmed, fearing that something was wrong with the heart. As time went on I got weaker, and was barely able to get about. In this way I continued year after year, sometimes better and at other times worse, but never feeling what you could call strong. I took medicines and tonics that I got from the apothecary's shop, which gave me relief for a time, and then I would be as bad as ever again. In August, 1886, I read about a medicine called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup having cured cases similar to my own, but I was slow to believe that it would do any good in my case. However, I got a bottle from Mr. Suttie, High Street, Perth, and after taking one bottle of this medicine I found great relief, and when I had taken the second bottle I was cured. Since that time if I feel anything of my old complaint a few doses of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup put me right. I know many in this

district who have benefited by the use of the same medicine. You are at liberty to make what use you like of this statement. (Signed) David Croll, Guildtown, near Perth, May 31, 1894."

As to the savages having been healthier men than we in this age are, the German officer is wholly wrong. History, so far as it goes, is dead against him. All savage tribes of which we have any accurate knowledge have suffered, and still suffer, fearfully from dyspepsia. The American Indians were martyrs to it—literally, as they often died of it after having gorged themselves with food. Consumption, small-pox, nervous diseases, insanity, and frightful affections of the skin were common among them. To disease, even more than to war, is due the fact that they have been virtually swept from the face of the earth.

No, it won't do. In this matter the German officer must "about, face!" We can't agree to follow his leadership into the wilderness. The primitive man was a nasty beast, feeble in everything save his unbridled passions. Let our military friend read the story of the cave dwellers who, ages ago, lived near the site of the present city of Paris. And so *ad infinitum*.

No, again. We don't want to lapse into barbarism; what we need is more civilisation, more light, more knowledge. The man who denies this should suspect the condition of his liver, and have recourse at once to Mother Seigel's Syrup.

There is disease enough in the most advanced of nations, Heaven knows; but we are finding out what makes it and how to cure it. When ill, the savage summoned the "medicine man" with his mummery and his absurd incantations; and that same "medicine man" was always the busiest fellow in the tribe. Yet (and let this retrogressive German officer note the fact!) *his patients all died*.

To-day we rightly attribute the majority of our ailments to a disordered digestion, and (in Germany, as elsewhere) we cure them with Mother Seigel's Syrup.

No, no; none of this foolish theory of going ahead backwards, crab fashion. Let us stick to science and civilisation, and obey the known laws of health.

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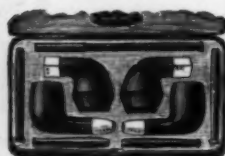
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*For Particulars see Page 112.*



**For MAY, 1895.**

*For Particulars see Page 105.*

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VOL. IX.

*MAY, 1895, TO OCTOBER, 1895.*

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QUEEN

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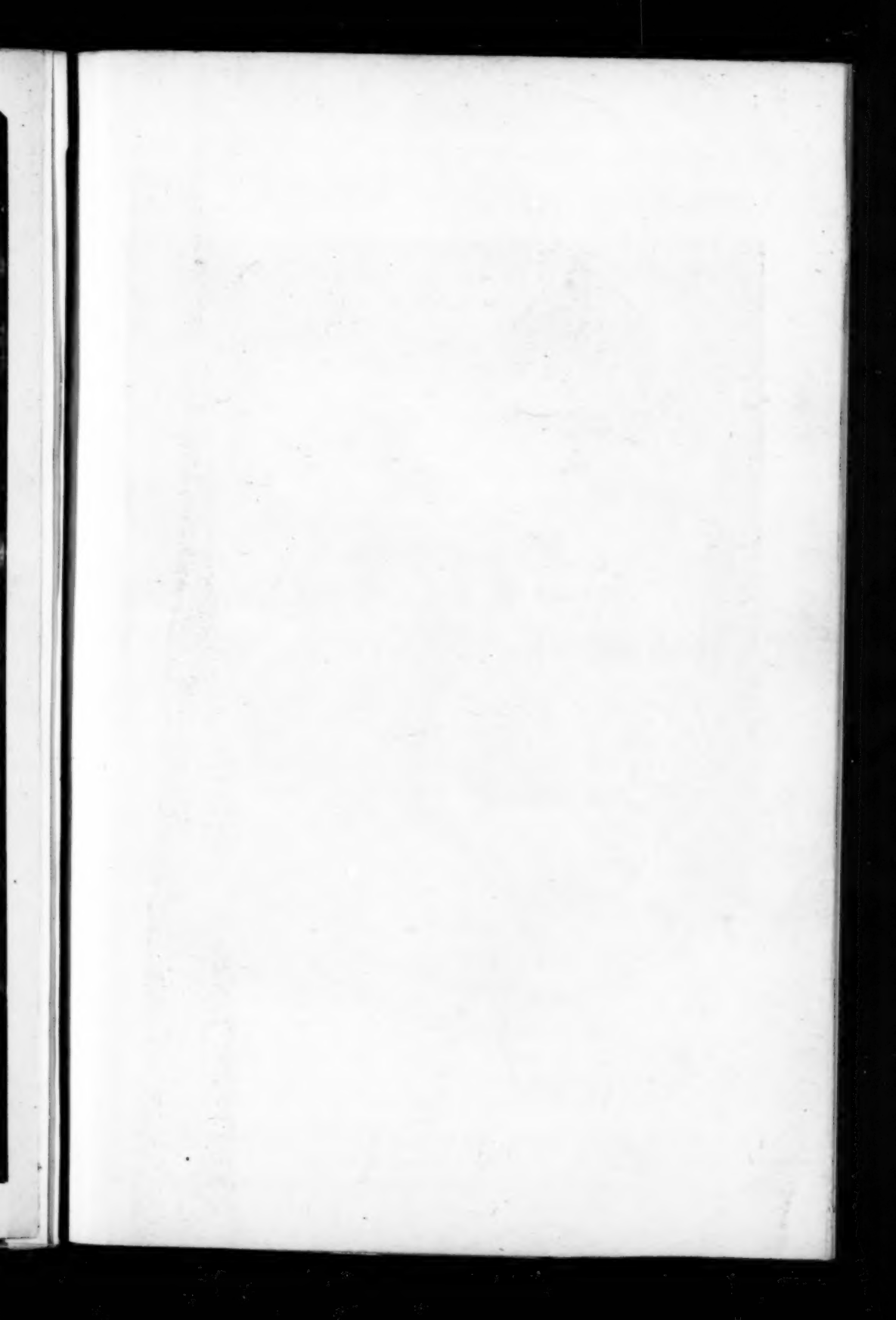
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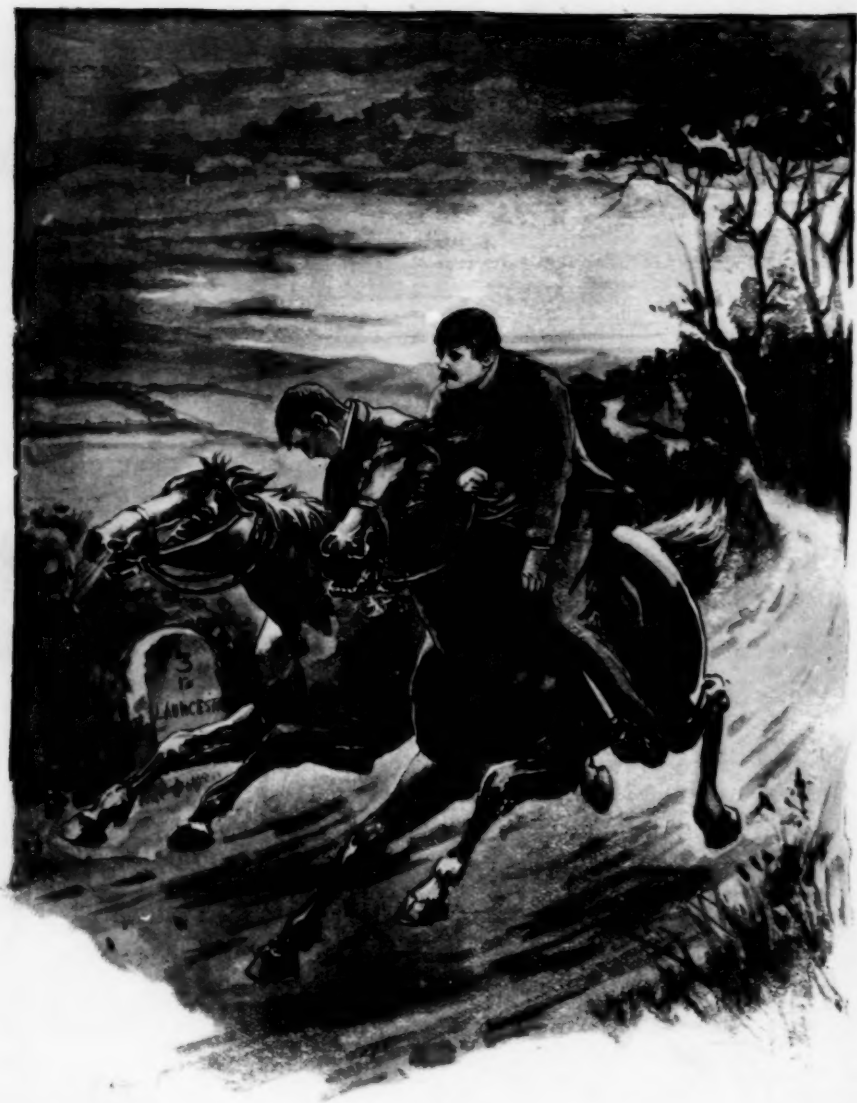
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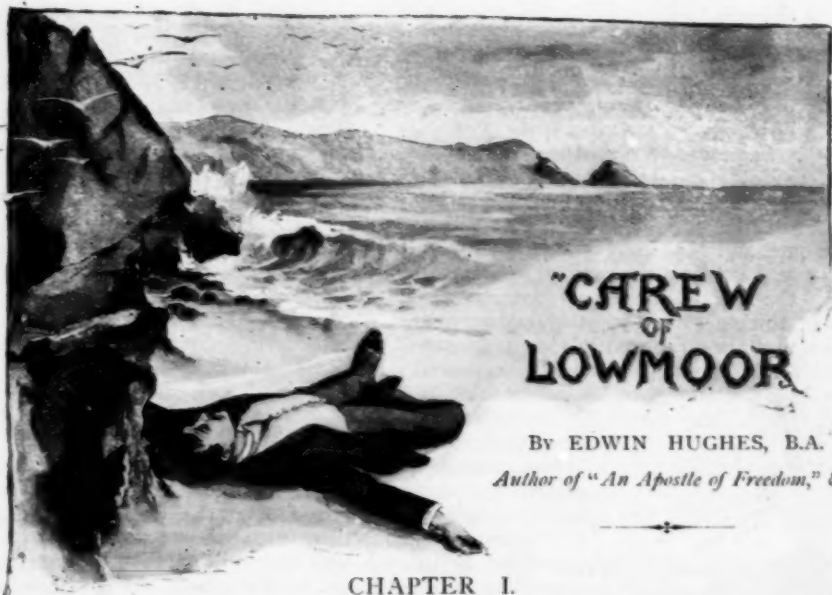
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"CAREW OF LOWMOOR"

"ON AND ON, AND THE MILESTONES SEEMED TO COME SO SLOWLY"—[Page 39]



## "CAREW OF LOWMOOR"

BY EDWIN HUGHES, B.A.

*Author of "An Apostle of Freedom," &c.*

### CHAPTER I.

**T**HE Coroner's jury had brought in a verdict of "Guilty" against John Carew, and considering the evidence laid before them no one could gainsay that verdict. This was the sum and substance of what was testified by the witnesses.

On the evening of the 14th of May, 188—, Sir Lawrence Carew arrived unexpectedly at the village of Bayford, an out-of-the-way little fishing centre on the Cornish coast. He had walked over from the nearest railway station. Two rooms in the house of widow Gray were always kept in readiness for him, as he was a frequent visitor, taking a great interest in the fortunes of the village.

On the 16th of May, about eight o'clock in the evening, another visitor arrived in the person of the Baronet's cousin, John Carew. The meeting of the two men took place in Mrs. Gray's presence, for she happened to be in the room speaking to the Baronet when Mr. John came down the garden path and walked in through the open French window.

"Hallo, Jack! What wind has blown you here?" said Sir Lawrence.

"I've come to say good-bye," replied the Major—for that was his rank when John Carew retired from the army—and he seemed to Mrs. Gray to be very down-hearted and depressed.

She did not hear anything further of what passed at that first interview, as having finished what she was doing she left the room. Presently the bell rang, and Sir Lawrence ordered supper; and afterwards, when she went in to clear away, the men were lighting their pipes and had their hats on.

"We're going for a stroll," said the Baronet, "and we may not be in till late, so don't wait up for us. You can leave the spirit-stand out and some fresh water, and we shall want breakfast very early." With that they both went out, and away up the cliff path, and they had not returned when she went to bed at eleven o'clock.

It was so warm that she left her window open. Her room was directly over Sir Lawrence's sitting-room, and when she was awakened by the slamming of the garden-gate, she looked at her watch that lay beside the night-light and saw that it was two o'clock. She could plainly hear them talking, and although she was unable to make out all that they said, she could every now and then hear them speaking in what she considered angry tones, and more than once distinctly heard the word "money."

It was some time past three when one of them went out, and looking through the window she saw, by the light that streamed out upon the garden, the Major hurrying down the path to the gate, with a portmanteau in his hand. Sir Lawrence followed him, and she noticed that he was bareheaded. He overtook his cousin at the gate, and Mrs. Gray swore that John Carew turned and struck Sir Lawrence. "Curse you, and your money!" she heard him say, and she saw the Baronet reel from the force of the blow. But, recovering himself, he came back and entered the room, to re-appear almost immediately with his hat on. He passed through the gate, and ran up the path that leads over the cliffs, calling out, "Jack, Jack!" and that was the last she had seen of him until they carried him home. Two fishermen swore to the finding of Sir Lawrence. It was about six o'clock on the morning of the 17th of May that they saw him lying on the shingle at the foot of the cliff.

They thought at first that he was asleep, and they spoke to him, warning him of the incoming tide; but receiving no answer they went nearer and found that he was dead, and that he had a deep wound on the back of his head. It was impossible for them to tell how long he had lain there, and, as the tide was making fast, they hastened to carry him round the point that shuts out the view of Bayford; and as soon as they were out of the grip of the tide, one of them ran and obtained help, and then they brought him to the inn.

When the village constable examined the body he found that Sir Lawrence's watch, money and pocket-book had disappeared; and it was proved by the manager of the Launceston Bank that the Baronet had drawn out five £100 notes to pay expenses in connection with a reading-room and library that he was building and with other improvements he was carrying out.

The medical evidence was to the effect that death might have resulted from a blow by some blunt instrument while the unfortunate man was on the top of the cliffs, or by a fall over the cliffs; but much that might have been learned from an examination of the body *in situ*, and of the immediate locality, was lost owing to the necessary removal of the dead man, and to the fact that the tide had washed over the place.

As Major Carew was not forthcoming, the inquest was adjourned for a week, and all the necessary legal steps were taken to insure his presence at the next



"ARRESTED"

enquiry; but as he failed to put in an appearance then, and as the news of Sir Lawrence's death had been circulated far and wide, it was naturally supposed that the cousin did not dare to come forward. It was proved, moreover, at the second enquiry that he had taken a ticket for London at Carn Station on the morning of the 17th, and that he had gone away by the first train; but it was impossible at this late date to ascertain whether he had arrived at the London terminus. At all events, it was almost a matter of certainty, as the coroner put it, that if John Carew were in England he must have heard of his cousin's death, and that if he were not in England the probability was that he was trying to evade justice; and so the jury took the great man's hint and found that the said John Carew had killed his kinsman.

A week afterwards the Major was arrested just as he was stepping on board a steamer at Liverpool. He had taken his passage to America, and only joined the ship at the last moment. He seemed utterly bewildered when he saw the warrant, and on his person were found Sir Lawrence's gold watch and the five £100 notes that the Baronet had drawn from the Launceston Bank.

Were the jury right? Surely yes!

## CHAPTER II.

THE CAREWS were a very old family, whose loyalty to Charles II. had been rewarded by a baronetcy, and an estate in Cornwall, and there for generations they had lived, fighting for king and country when called upon, for the head of the house was nearly always a soldier.

The Baronet who had just been done to death was, however, an exception to the rule, and developing a taste for study in early life, he had gone from Eton to Cambridge, and had taken a high place in the Mathematical Tripos.

After a few years of travel he had settled down at Lowmoor, the family seat, and giving himself up for the most part to study and the management of his estate, had yet found time to become particularly interested in the fortunes of the village of Bayford, that nestled among the cliffs of one of the boldest parts of the Cornish coast.

Sir Lawrence had neither brother nor sister, and, indeed, there was but another representative of the family living—a Major John Carew. The two men had been brought up together, more as brothers than cousins, and Jack had chosen the army and bade fair to rise to high rank. There seemed every likelihood, too, that some day he would inherit the title and estates, for Sir Lawrence was by no means a strong man, and not at all likely to marry. But when the one cousin had apparently settled down as a confirmed bachelor, and the other seemed to have no ambition but to rise in his profession, two unexpected events happened.

In the first place, Sir Lawrence met his fate when he was introduced to Ruby Lenwood, whose father, General Lenwood, had purchased an estate close to Lowmoor; and secondly, Major Carew suddenly sent in his papers, and leaving India and the army, came home, vouchsafing no explanation of his extraordinary proceeding.

"I have hung up my sword, Lawrence," he said, when the two met in Cornwall, "but I shall have to take it down again, and turn it into pens or a pruning-hook, for my funds have run low."

The two men presented a striking personal contrast.

Sir Lawrence's features were of a very refined type, and except when especially interested, he had that abstracted and "far-away" air so peculiar to men of a mathematical turn of mind. In person he was about the medium height, but so slenderly proportioned that he seemed much taller than he really was.

Major Carew was a splendid specimen of a soldier, tall, straight, and broad, with a frame and limbs befitting a Hercules. His well-shaped head, covered with

short clustering curls, was splendidly set on his square shoulders. He was as handsome a man as you could meet with in a day's march, and although at times his face wore a somewhat stern look, begotten it maybe of a soldier's duties, yet there was that in the twinkle of his laughing blue eyes that drew a child to his knee with the same confidence as it would have approached its father's. He was, in short, the very man who seemed born to command the respect of men, and to win the love and admiration of women.

"There need be no question of funds, Jack," said his cousin when they first met. "You'll make Lowmoor your home until you find something to do."

"Thank you, Lawrence, I know that I'm welcome, or I shouldn't have come. I owe you an explanation as to why I threw up the army, I know, but —"

"Oh! bother explanations," said the Baronet; "leave them until you are asked for them. You are a Carew, and you've some good cause for cutting the service, and you've left it, I know, with clean hands. Have you any plans for the future? You can count upon my help, as you know."

"Well, I have an idea," said the Major, "of getting a post as secretary, or general factotum to some big-wig, or, perhaps, an aide-de-campship to a colonial governor; or, for the matter of that I think I could manage an estate as well as most fellows."

"By Jove! the very thing!" said his cousin jumping up. "General Lenwood and his daughter are dining here to-night. He has bought the next estate, and it certainly wants improving. He was talking to me the other day about advertising for a man to superintend the carrying out of the work he wants done, and to be secretary to him. I don't know what the screw would be, but the General's very well off, and I know you would like the work, and if he doesn't want you to live in the house, you could easily ride backwards and forwards."

And so it was arranged that the matter should be talked over that evening after dinner, "across the walnuts and wine." With the General and his daughter came a maiden sister of the former, and when the ladies had left them, Sir Lawrence at once introduced the subject of the stewardship. General Lenwood was charmed with the notion, and when the Major spoke of references, he waved his hand as though to brush away all such superfluities, and merely remarked that the fact of his being the cousin of Sir Lawrence Carew, his dear friend, was a sufficient guarantee as to his honour, "and as for your ability, sir," he went on, "I take it, that a man who rises to the rank of major as rapidly as you did, isn't a fool. By the way, how old are you, Carew?"

"Just two-and-thirty, General. I had several slices of luck, or I shouldn't have got as high as I did."

"And why on earth did you leave the service?" asked Lenwood, but no sooner had the question passed the old man's lips, than he saw by the other's embarrassment that he was treading upon delicate ground.

"I beg your pardon," said the General. "You must please excuse an old man's inquisitiveness. Pass me the claret."

An awkward silence fell upon the three, a silence that was broken at length by Major Carew.

"You have been good enough, General Lenwood," said he, "to offer me a position of great trust in your household, and you have a right to know why I sent in my papers. Ugly questions may crop up hereafter on the same head, and if I satisfy you two men now, believe me, I do so, because I consider it my duty to my kinsman, and to my employer, and not in any way to glorify myself. I know that both of you will keep what I have to say to yourselves, and that it will go no farther."

"Don't say any more, Carew. Let the matter drop," said the General. "We'll have one more glass and then go upstairs."

But Carew was not to be put off.

"I should prefer to clear the matter up now," he said, "as perhaps I should have to do so at some future time, but truth to tell I wish there was another chronicler. Amongst our fellows in the 12th was a sub whose name I need not mention, but who was more or less under my care, for I knew his people very well, and I promised them that I would give him any help that I could. Truth to tell, however, he objected to anything at all resembling leading strings, as indeed any fellow worth his salt would, and I didn't bother him much with advice, but I kept my eye on him all the same, and I was very sorry to see that he was trying to go the pace, for I knew that he hadn't the means. He was even poorer than I, but I had given the fellows a hint when I joined that I didn't intend to gamble, and with one exception, they were far too good a sort to press me for my reasons. The one exception was the senior captain. I never liked him, and he hated me. Somehow he knew that I was interested in Johnnie, and he seemed to del'ght in leading the youngster from one scrape to another. Play ruled very high amongst our fellows, for most of them, in fact all of them except myself and Johnnie, were rolling in riches. I could see that a crash must come soon, but when I ventured to remonstrate quietly with the Captain he politely told me to mind my own business, and as for the youngster he impolitely told me to go to the deuce. I thought of my promise to his people, and I determined to save him if I could. One night I went



"Laid his hand on the Major's shoulder"

out to some civic function, to which Johnnie had also been asked, but at the last moment he had decided that he wouldn't go, and I knew as well as if he had told me, that he was going to try and retrieve his fortunes. I came home rather early, and just as I got near the room where they were playing, the door burst open and Johnnie rushed out, and across to his quarters in such a hurry that he didn't even notice me. A shout of laughter followed him, and when I got into the room I saw that they had been playing hazard.

"'Johnnie's broke!' said one of them, laconically.

"'Is he?' I said, as quietly as I could, and then my temper getting the better of me I gave them a piece of my mind. They all took it in good part, except the Captain, and like the decent fellows they were tore up poor Johnnie's I.O.U's. that lay pretty thickly on the table.

"'You may do what you like,' said Captain C——. 'I call it all quixotic nonsense. If a man plays with me I expect him to take my money if I lose just

as certainly as I intend to take his if I win,' and with that he gathered up a bundle of papers bearing Johnnie's signature and left the room.

"It was well that I made no delay in going across to the youngster's quarters. He had not fastened his door. I suppose the poor fellow was so knocked over that he could only think of one thing, and that was how to get rid of himself as soon as possible. He had scrawled something on a piece of paper, and he had his mother's photo on the table in front of him, and when I burst in upon him he dropped his right hand under the table, and I knew well enough what he held in it. There was something almost ludicrous in the dignified air he put on as he informed me that I had come in without knocking. I took no more notice however of his dignity than I had done of his door.

"Put your right hand on the table, Johnnie, I said, and thank God that I came in time to save you. What would your mother think? What would they all think at home?' And with that, boy as he was, for he was only eighteen, he laid his head on the table and sobbed his heart out. I let him have his burst over and then I took the revolver from him, tore up his good-bye note, and told him how generously the fellows had behaved.

"God bless them!' he said, 'and did C—— tear up his, too?'

"No, he didn't, Johnnie, I said 'and that's what I want to talk to you about!'

"I was regularly taken aback when he told me the amount he owed C——, and to find that it ran into four figures; but somehow the youngster seemed better when he had told me all, and I had promised to see C—— and make the best terms I could. And the best were very bad. He wouldn't bate one jot of the amount, neither would he accept my security.

"If he doesn't pay by this day week,' said he, 'I shall post him as a defaulter.'

"Of course, you both know what that meant. Well, I tried all manner of ways to raise the money, all, indeed, except borrowing it from one of the others, and Johnnie and I were miserable enough on the night before it became due. I was sitting in my quarters by myself when C—— tapped at the door and entered.

"Are you alone, Carew?' he asked.

"Quite,' said I.

"You are greatly interested,' he went on, 'in Johnnie, and I suppose you know that he won't be able to pay up to-morrow.'

"I know that very well,' I said. 'I don't think you need come here to remind me of it.'

"Taking no notice of the temper that I took no pains to conceal, he went on. 'You would help him if you could.'

"I daresay. Tell me how,' I replied, 'and I'll do it. I've offered to go security for him myself, but you won't accept it.'

"I don't want to be offensive, Carew,' said he, 'but unless you called upon your cousin, I should have to wait a long time for the money. I have a proposal to make, however, but unless you agree to think over it calmly I shall not speak.'

"Go on,' I said.

"I am the senior captain,' he continued. 'If you retire I shall get the step. When you retire I'll give you Johnnie's I.O.U.'s.'

"I took the night to consider, and in the morning I had the I.O.U.'s, and burnt them. Johnnie exchanged into another regiment, and when he was clear of the place I resigned."

If anything were wanting to prove the manly and noble nature of Jack Carew, it was supplied by the way in which he forbore to speak of that night's struggle. No mention made he of the terrible wrench it was to him to leave the service he loved so well, when he had set his foot so fairly and squarely on the ladder.

"And when he was clear of the place I resigned." Those were his simple words, and the two men who had heard them showed that they understood and appreciated the sacrifice that he had made.

His cousin simply stretched out his hand to him. The old General came round and laid his hand on the Major's shoulder.

"If it had pleased God," said he, "to have given me a son, I should have prayed that he might be like you."

Do you think that the jury were right?

### CHAPTER III.

A FEW days after the dinner-party Jack Carew was installed as General Lenwood's right-hand man, and he speedily became a favourite with everybody on the estate. The men felt that they had found their master, and they worked accordingly. The praise that came from Jack's lips was as the touch of the spur to a generous horse, and when he had reason to find fault, his words stung like the cut of a whip. He had not taken up his abode at The Court, as the General's place was called, but, at his cousin's earnest entreaty, had stayed at Lowmoor, and rode backwards and forwards each day.

*Place à la dame!* It is time that you made the acquaintance of Ruby Lenwood. A more charming girl it would be hard to find, and it might be added, a more beautiful one. Her mother was an Irish lady, and from her Ruby had inherited the lovely blue eyes that looked at you from beneath the shapely orbits, and contrasted so well with the rich, dark colour of her hair. Imagine the daintiest mouth you can; a nose the weeist bit *retroussé*; and a complexion that would defy all the arts of a Madame Rachel to match it, and you will have some faint idea of her beauty. An excellent horsewoman, a fairly good musician, well-bred and well-educated, she was all that a bonny English girl should be.

Major Carew had carried a whole heart for the two-and-thirty years to which his life had extended, but a month in the society of Ruby Lenwood played sad havoc with it, and here we have our first complication, for it all ended, as one might easily have guessed it would, by his falling as much in love with the young lady as his cousin, the Baronet, had done. Unfortunately for the Major, however, and for his peace of mind, he discovered the state of his cousin's feelings before he had thoroughly diagnosed his own, and the same nobility of nature that had led him to make such a sacrifice where his prospects had been concerned, again came into play. Who was he that he should come between the head of his house and the woman he loved? What could he offer Ruby in comparison with what the master of Lowmoor could give her—a title, and a home befitting any lady in the land? And so he withdrew himself as much as possible from Miss Lenwood's society until it was very patent to that young lady that he was purposely avoiding her. Meanwhile Sir Lawrence's suit had progressed quite as satisfactorily as he could wish and as he had expected. Before laying siege to the daughter's heart, he had, with all the propriety of the old school, requested the father's permission to do so, and he had been deeply gratified and flattered by the warm and hearty manner in which General Lenwood had received the proposal that if nothing came in the way, Ruby should one day be Lady Carew, and mistress of Lowmoor. But something had come in the way, for Miss Lenwood's heart was no longer in her own keeping. She had given it to the gallant soldier, and it was his whenever he chose to ask for it.

One day—to be more particular it was on the 13th of May—Sir Lawrence determined to put his fortune to the touch, and accordingly betook himself in the afternoon to The Court. Miss Ruby was out riding and the General was asleep. Which way had Miss Lenwood gone? She had gone to see some improvements that were being carried out at the lake, and thither Lawrence rode to meet her, but before they met something had happened, which, had he but known it, would have made him turn his horse's head straight home.

Major Carew was leaning over a gate on a little hill that overlooked the workers at the lake, and so absorbed was he in his thoughts, that he never noticed the footfall of Ruby's horse on the soft turf. She was quite alone.

"When you come down from the clouds, Major Carew," said she, laughingly, "perhaps you'll open the gate for me."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Lenwood," said Jack, "I never heard you coming."

The gate was soon opened, but the lady did not pass through.

"What have you been doing with yourself lately?" she asked. "You never came to our tableaux."

"I am so busy now," he answered. "You see we must get this work done while the fine weather lasts."

"Well, but you needn't work at it by moonlight. There must be some reason for your keeping away from us. I know we're awfully dull people, but that is just why you should come and help to cheer us up. Do come to dinner to-night. Father wants to see you, I know."

It was not very difficult to make him give the required promise, and having got that the young lady ought to have cantered away, but instead of doing so she manifested such a keen interest in the improvements that were being made that Jack must needs explain them all to her. And a hard task it was with those laughing blue eyes looking down into his; and once when she dropped her whip, and Jack in giving it back to her touched her hand, he felt that his self-control was fast slipping away. Presently he saw in the distance Sir Lawrence walking his horse slowly down the road that led to the other end of the lake, and the sight of his cousin recalled him to what he considered his duty, and by degrees he drew the girl on to talk of Sir Lawrence.

"Don't you like him, Miss Lenwood?" he asked; and when she said that she did very much, he could hardly tell whether he were pleased or not. "He is the best fellow living," he went on impetuously. "I could talk all day and never tell you how really good he is. He has been father and brother and cousin to me all in one. You can't tell how many scrapes Lawrence has got me out of, nor how kind and considerate he is, not only to me but to everybody. Why the people on our place worship the very ground he treads on. He is everything that is manly and good, and he is fit to be the husband of the fairest woman on God's



"READ 'THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH'"

earth;" and as Jack said that he looked straight up into her eyes and saw that they were dimmed with tears. For a minute or so she did not speak. Then she laid her whip lightly and almost caressingly on his shoulder, and her question astonished him.

"Do you read 'Longfellow' much, Major Carew?"

"No, not much," said Jack; "poetry is not in my line."

"Well, just to please me," she went on, "go and read the 'Courtship of Miles Standish,'" and with that she trotted off to meet Sir Lawrence.

That afternoon, when Jack did turn up the courtship of the redoubtable Miles and read, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" his heart gave a great throb, and as he put the book away he vowed that there was more in poetry than he had ever thought. Hardly had he laid the book aside when the butler entered the library and gave him a note. It was from Sir Lawrence, and ran thus:—

"MY DEAR JACK,—I am called away to Bayford, the village you know in which I am so interested. As I have only just time to catch the train I cannot wait to see you. *Au revoir*.—Yours ever, LAWRENCE."

That was all, but it was quite enough to tell Jack what had happened when his cousin and Miss Lenwood had met. "Poor old chap!" he said. "I wonder why she wouldn't have him; and why did she set me on to read 'Longfellow?' By Jove, if I thought so"—and then without another word he rushed upstairs, slipped into his dress clothes, and rode off to The Court.

Jack was very quiet during the whole of the dinner; the General seemed very much pre-occupied, and almost grumpy; and Miss Lenwood talked and laughed in a way that showed her nerves were at full tension. When the two men were alone the General opened his heart to Jack.

"I have been very disappointed to-day, Carew," said he, "regularly cut up, in fact, and you must excuse me if I have shown my disappointment. I want your help, and I don't see how you can give it to me, unless I let you know what I want, though perhaps it is not altogether my secret. To-day, your cousin did my daughter the honour to offer her his hand, and he was fool enough to take 'no' for an answer. Now, I have set my heart on the match, Carew, and I've suggested to him to go away for a while and give Ruby a chance to miss him, and so he has departed for this village of his, and there he stays some time. Now I want you to help me in my matchmaking, and I'll tell you how you can do it." And there and then the General unfolded what might, or might not have been a very clever plot, but which, as far as Jack Carew was concerned, was simply a dead letter, for although he appeared to listen, and said "yes" here and "no" there, he was thinking far too much of his own heartache to take any interest in the General's schemes.

"And now that you understand," said the General, "we'll just run up to Ruby for some coffee."

Miss Lenwood was amusing herself at the piano, and in obedience to a sign from her, Jack went and stood beside her. She nodded to him to turn over the music, but making a slip his hand met hers. No matter what speech may tell, the truth will out with a touch, and that hand clasp told those two as much as their lips could have said in an hour. The music went on again, and had the General been a critic, which he was not, he might have had many opportunities for finding fault. At last Carew had to bid them "good-night!" The General did not leave his chair at the far end of the drawing-room, but Ruby went to the door. "Good-night," said Carew, and then in little more than a whisper he added the word "Ruby." She looked full into his eyes, and she read there what she fain would have heard from his lips. "Good-night—Jack," she said, and so they parted.

The next morning General Lenwood was thunderstruck at the contents of a letter from his Steward.

"For reasons," wrote Jack, "that I cannot well explain, I find that I must leave you, and at once. The work on the estate can very well go on without me, and I hope and trust that you will soon find a much more capable man to take it up. I

have to thank you for your kindness to me and to bid you a long and respectful farewell."

When Miss Lenwood heard the news she nearly fainted, and hurried from the room.

"Well, this is maddening," muttered the General. "Lawrence gone to heal his heart, Jack gone, the deuce knows where, and Ruby taken ill. Just the three people I want most about me."

#### CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Sir John Carew, as he now was, was brought before the magistrates he reserved his defence, acting upon the advice of his counsel, as it was a matter of certainty that the unsupported statement that he was prepared to make would not be sufficient to stave off his committal.

Up to this point I have "told the tale as 'twas told to me;" but having been fortunate enough to be retained for the defence, with the great Sir Magnus himself as leader, I am now able to take up the story of Carew of Lowmoor.

With regard to myself, let me briefly say that my name is Arthur Davington, that I had been called to the Bar some years before Sir John's trial, and that, although I was looked upon as a very lucky fellow indeed to have secured a brief at such an early period of my career, it was the honour, and not the emolument, that pleased me, for I had a good income.

When I came to analyse the evidence I was obliged to admit to myself that our client was in a very perilous position; and although my leader was one of the finest pleaders that ever addressed a jury, I confess that I could see but faint hopes of an acquittal. There was but little time to prepare our defence, for the Assizes came on very shortly after our client was committed; but try as we would, and did, not one tittle of evidence could we get in support of the line of argument we intended to adopt.

We had a strong man against us for the prosecution, and when he had finished his opening speech things looked blacker than ever. He had alleged two very powerful motives as incentives to the crime—viz., jealousy and need of money; and he proposed to prove the existence of these motives out of the mouths of witnesses who were, perhaps, more anxious than anyone in that crowded court that the prisoner should be acquitted.

I shall not repeat the evidence of the witnesses that had been examined before the coroner; suffice it to say that no amount of cross-examination could shake any of their statements, and the jury seemed particularly impressed by Mrs. Gray's account of the quarrel, and by the account of the finding of the five notes and Sir Lawrence's gold watch on the person of the prisoner.

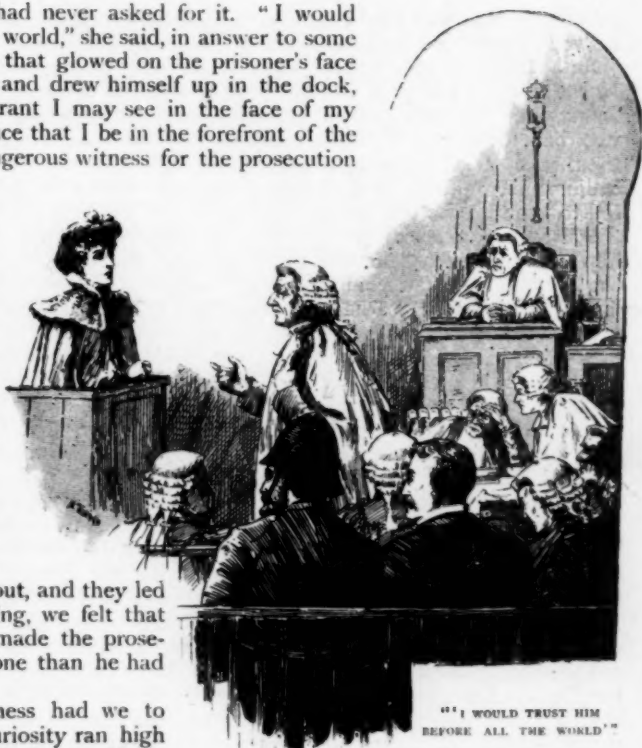
Presently General Lenwood was called, and he proved that the prisoner had admitted to him that he was in somewhat straitened circumstances, and had, indeed, received an advance of salary when he first entered his service. Then he related the sudden nature of Carew's withdrawal from his service, but could give no explanation thereof. When we, on our side, called upon the General to give testimony as to Sir John's character, he was loud in his praises of the straightforward way in which, as his employé, he had always acted, but such good effect as this might have had, was immediately discounted by one question from the other side. "How long, General Lenwood, have you known the prisoner?" The answer was, "Only a few months."

There was a great stir when the order was given to call Ruby Lenwood, and, perhaps, no witness was ever placed in a more trying position than she, for it was the jealousy begotten of love for her, that was urged as the leading factor in the committal of the crime. I had never seen a face that interested me so much as hers did, as unflinchingly she faced the accusing counsel, and avowed her

love for the man who had never asked for it. "I would trust him before all the world," she said, in answer to some question, and the light that glowed on the prisoner's face as he heard the words, and drew himself up in the dock, was a light that God grant I may see in the face of my comrade if ever it chance that I be in the forefront of the battle. She was a dangerous witness for the prosecution to handle, and when it came to our turn it could scarcely have been called a cross-examination, so eager was she to say everything that could be said in the prisoner's favour. With a fearlessness born of her great love, she told how the man who was now accused of murdering his kinsman, had pleaded with her on that very kinsman's behalf, and when at last her strength gave out, and they led her away almost fainting, we felt that at all events, we had made the prosecutor's task a harder one than he had anticipated.

Not a single witness had we to call on our side, and curiosity ran high as to what line of defence would be adopted. In those days the prisoner's lips were sealed, and his story could only be told by the mouth of counsel. Sir Magnus's speech was admitted on all hands to have been one of the master's finest efforts, and again and again the applause that was suppressed with so much difficulty threatened to burst out. Especially was this so, when, with all the dramatic effect of which he was so consummate a master, he described the occasion of Sir John's leaving the army, proving that if avarice were a leading feature in his character, he had, indeed, adopted strange methods of displaying it. Then, too, he drew a telling picture of the affection these two men had for each other, an affection that culminated in that sublime self-sacrifice to which Miss Lenwood had borne such striking testimony. Then his manner suddenly changed.

"I come now," he said, "to an explanation of the facts that seem so damning against the prisoner. What took place that morning on the cliffs between these two cousins, is known only to God and themselves, and the lips of one of them are sealed by death, and the mouth of the other is closed by our law. But God knows," and here his voice rang out like a clarion, "God knows, and in His own good time the truth shall be revealed! I shall now give you a plain statement of the facts as related to me by Sir John Carew. When he went to Bayford, he went to bid his cousin good-bye, actuated by the feeling that if he left England Miss Lenwood would forget him, and in accordance with the earnest desire of her father, would eventually marry Sir Lawrence. But when he came to talk the matter over, his cousin refused to listen to his project, declaring that he would never again ask Miss Lenwood to marry him, so firmly had she refused him, and insisting, with the



"I WOULD TRUST HIM  
BEFORE ALL THE WORLD"

generosity that was ever characteristic of him, that the estates should be shared between them. So persistent was he that they came near to quarrelling, and Sir John admits that he did break away at last with the expression 'Curse the money!' Not 'Curse *you* and your money!' only 'Curse the money!' He did not strike Sir Lawrence. He only pushed him back, and remembering how much stronger he was than his cousin, it might easily be that the latter staggered from the force of the thrust. Sir John had got but a little way up the path, when he heard his cousin calling him, and not liking to part in anger, he waited for him, and they climbed the hill together to the seat on top of the cliffs. There Sir Lawrence once more urged the Major not to go away, and when at last he realised that nothing could turn him from his purpose, he had prevailed upon him, as a proof of affection to accept the five notes. Then a singular thing happened. John Carew struck a match and looked at his watch. 'I have a curious fancy, Jack,' said Sir Lawrence. 'That old watch you carry used to belong to my mother. Will you give it to me, and take this one of mine?' And there and then they had exchanged watches and chains just as they were. Ten minutes afterwards they bade each other good-bye, and as John Carew reached the high road, he turned and saw his cousin looking out over the sea, into the last dawn that he was ever to behold. And now gentlemen, I come to a part of my narrative to which I beg your especial attention. You have heard the fact—very strongly dwelt upon by my learned friend—and it is a fact, I frankly admit, that requires explanation on our side, that Sir John Carew was in England a whole fortnight, and yet never heard of his cousin's death, and so never came forward at the inquest. You shall have an explanation. Major Carew took a ticket for London at Cray Station, but having to wait some hours at S— Junction, he made up his mind not to go to London at all, but to travel north to Liverpool, and so to America. When he reached the sea-port he found that a steamer, of which a friend of his whom he had not seen for years was captain, was due to start in a fortnight's time, and wishing to see Captain Dunmow, and to renew a pleasant friendship, he decided to wait for his ship and, meantime, he went away to nurse his grief to one of the very loneliest of the Westmoreland Lakes. He never read a paper during the whole of the time he was there, and never heard of his cousin's death until he was arrested for the murder. Such, gentlemen, is the prisoner's narrative, and having regard to his long and honourable career, to the love he bore his cousin, to the many proofs that he has given of the generosity and manliness of his nature, I say most emphatically that it is a true narrative. Whose-soever was the hand that struck down Sir Lawrence Carew—and from the medical evidence and the fact of the robbery having been committed it seems clear to us that he was murdered—whoever it may have been that wrought that dastardly deed, rest assured that it was not his loving and beloved cousin, John Carew. Do you suppose that in a few hours or days a man's nature can so change that from being all that an English gentleman should be, he becomes that which we should hate and loathe in the veriest savage? No! gentlemen! Disabuse your minds at once and for ever of the theories of jealousy and avarice. Could the man who so unostentatiously gave up a noble career to save a comrade's honour dabble his hands in a kinsman's blood? Could he possibly be jealous—in the sense of the word implied by the prosecution—of that kinsman, when with all the chivalry of the truest knight-errant that ever rode forth, he pleaded that kinsman's cause, when he might have pleaded his own? Look at the man, gentlemen, who is accused of this heinous crime and ask yourselves if a murderer was ever moulded in such a form as that! I beseech you to come to the consideration of your verdict with all the due care such a momentous task involves. Remember, you are not only trying the prisoner for his life, you are also deciding a question that touches his honour, and trained in that grand school in which he has been, honour is more, far more to him than life or riches, aye, or than the love of woman. Remember her, too, who in such terrible anxiety awaits your verdict.

Remember that through all she has clung to her belief in his innocence, and since the world began there has been no keener or surer judge of a man's innocence than an innocent woman. I leave it to you, gentlemen, by your verdict to unite those who have been so cruelly separated and once more I would reverently remind you, that in His own good time, God shall roll away the clouds of obscurity that surround this case, and shall place the cowardly assassin who did Sir Lawrence Carew to death in that place, in which now stands an innocent man."

Could the verdict have been taken then, I do believe it would have been one of acquittal, for it was manifest to everyone that Sir Magnus was speaking, not as the hired advocate, but as one who sincerely believed in the innocence of the man he was defending. But the prosecuting counsel closed the case in a shrewd, sharp speech, calling upon the jury not to let their sympathies run away with them, and impressing upon them that, even if jealousy and avarice had not led the prisoner to commit the crime, it was none the less certain that he had committed it. Never had he heard such a lame defence wrapped up in such eloquent pleading. He would pass over the attempt to account for the possession of the watch and bank-notes to the still more puerile attempt on the part of his learned friend to persuade twelve intelligent men that the prisoner could possibly have passed a fortnight in England and yet never have heard of his cousin's death. Terribly painful as was the nature of the case, they must yet do their duty, and must show their countrymen that the British jury was still the great institution that it had ever been.

Then followed the summing up of the Judge, and what few shreds of sentiment there might still have been left in the minds of the jury were speedily and effectually eradicated therefrom by his calm and judicial manner. He dwelt in, what seemed to us, a most emphatic way upon the many points that told against the prisoner, such, for instance, as the quarrel witnessed by Mrs. Gray; but upon none did he dwell so strongly as upon the prisoner's statement that he was ignorant of his cousin's death until the moment of his arrest.

And so the case went to the jury, and for the hour and a-half during which they were absent the prisoner disappeared. At the end of that long period of suspense Sir John Carew was put back in the dock, and with never a tremor on his handsome face, he fronted the jury-box to hear his fate, and when at last the word "Guilty" was pronounced, he was to all intents and purposes the most unmoved man in that court.

"What had he to say why the sentence of death should not be carried out?"

"This, my Lord," he replied, in as steady a voice as though he were on parade—"this, my Lord—that I am innocent. I can blame no one here for the result of this trial, and I am deeply grateful to my counsel for his efforts on my behalf. I wish to bear my solemn testimony at this most awful hour that every word he has said was true, and I have faith in the God in whom I believe, that He will not let me suffer for that which I never did!"

So true did the words ring out, and so noble and dignified did he look as he unflinchingly faced the Judge, that when the dread sentence was pronounced it was almost inaudible in the sobs of women, and many a man there durst not speak for fear of betraying the weakness that his broken voice would have proved.

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It was my unpleasant task to report the result to my leader, and never have I seen an advocate so bitterly cut up.

"What more could we have done, Davington?"

"Nothing, Sir Magnus," said I. "If your speech failed to convince the jury nothing on earth would convince them."

"Oh yes! There is something that would convince them! Find the man. Davington, that struck down and plundered Sir Lawrence!"

## CHAPTER V.

"FIND the man, Davington, that struck down Sir Lawrence!"

The words kept ringing in my ears all that afternoon, and giving up all idea of attending the bar dinner, I sat down and preached myself a sermon from them as a text.

The facts that made it clear to my mind that Sir Lawrence had met with foul play were these. In the hat that the Baronet had last worn, and which was picked up on the beach at some distance from him, was a break corresponding in general outline to the wound on the head, and this tallied with our supposition that he had been struck with some blunt instrument, and that the force of the blow had knocked him over the cliff; otherwise the hat would have in all probability remained on his head had the rent in it been caused by the collision of the head with the stones of the beach. Then again, he had undoubtedly been robbed, and if the blow had been as violent as we imagined, the pilferer to effect his purpose must have gone down to the shore. How did he get there? Either by passing through the village when everything was quiet, or by clambering down the rocks. Had every trace left on the beach been washed out? Assuredly yes, for we had had the spot examined by the best local experts, and they had apparently done their work well. But then, ought we not to have got the very best men procurable—London men, men whose training and habits of life enable them to find a clue where the ordinary observer might just as well have been born blind for aught he could see? And at this point in my sermon I came to my first practical step.

I am not one of those who decry the professional detective, who drag him into a story to show how many stupid mistakes he can make, who forget the thousands of crimes that are brought home to their authors by his patient and brilliant work; and so I determined to wire at once to two men whom I knew well, and who could help me if anyone could. The first answered that he was already engaged in a case that would take up the whole of his energies for some time; the other likewise regretted his inability to come to me, but added that in a week or so he would be free and at my service. A week or so! This was Thursday, and the punishment hanging over Sir John Carew would be consummated on the Monday fortnight. No! I could not afford to waste the precious days. I must either have someone else, or begin investigating on my own account, and with this latter idea strong within me I sat down and wrote out a *resumé* of the case, and I summed it up as I would have had the Judge sum it up, namely, that Sir Lawrence Carew had been killed by some person or persons unknown; and I further vowed that, God helping me, I would find out who that person was, or those persons were.

I must make a beginning somewhere, and so I determined to start for Bayford next morning, search the locality thoroughly, have a chat with the witnesses when they were not upon their guard, for it was extremely improbable that they would recognise me in my out-of-court dress, and meantime re-double the efforts that had already been made to find the watch that had belonged to Sir John Carew, and of which I had a most accurate description. Up to the present we had contented ourselves with issuing hand-bills to as many pawn-shops and police-stations as possible, but now I determined to advertise in the daily papers. I drew up a form of advertisement at once, and when I had sent copies of this to the leading papers I found that it was still only nine o'clock, and so I called at the hotel where General Lenwood and his daughter were staying. I thought it would comfort them to know that some effort was being made to help Sir John in his terrible trouble, and I wished to impress upon them the necessity of at once setting about the drawing up of a petition to the Home Secretary, and of getting as many signatures thereto as possible. They were glad to see me and grateful for what I had done, and for what I intended to do, though truth to tell the General did not seem to see much hope of our laying hands on the "someone" who, we were firmly convinced, had brought

his friend to so sad a pass, and he preferred to trust to the petition as the sheet anchor, scarcely concealing his opinion that if this failed the ship must drift on to the rocks. But Ruby Lenwood's youthful ardour, and her trust in the justice of Heaven, rose superior to logic and to the cold deductions of the General's reasoning; and she felt sure that where others had failed I should succeed, and affirmed with the most unbounded confidence that I should prove Jack's innocence.

There was a gentleman, she went on, whom she had met in London, and who had had considerable experience in matters detective, and who would be only too glad to help, and she determined to wire to him at once and ask him to come down.

"He has really done some clever things, they say," continued she; "and I'm sure, father, if Lord Darcy can come to us he will. Besides, he knew Sir Lawrence well."

"My dear child," said the General, "I don't think that you've met Lord Darcy more than once, and then only for a few minutes."

"That doesn't matter, father, when it's a question of life and death. I was thinking only of the reputation he had made for himself, and how sharp everybody says he is. I shall send a telegram to his club."

I thought I noticed a peculiar smile on the General's face, but he said nothing more to discourage his daughter, and I left them with the distinct understanding that nothing was to be said to Sir John Carew of what I was about to do, for I had had deep and bitter experience myself of the "Hope deferred that maketh the heart sick."

I had gone but a short distance from the hôtel when I heard the tinkle of a "triangle," and as soon as the first few ringing strokes had been given, there arose on the night air one of the wildest and most plaintive melodies to which I had ever listened, and looking down a side street from which the music came, I saw by the light of a double gas-lamp a knot of people collected around a girl who was dressed in a most picturesque costume.

I drew nearer to the singer, and I was fain to confess that I had rarely, if ever, heard a voice of such perfect quality; and the girl's actions were so full of grace and expression, and her tones so beautifully modulated, that although we could not understand a word of what she was singing, she held us as by a spell. When the song ceased she extended a tambourine that until now had dangled at her waist, and at once the crowd began to melt away like snow in summer. Soon I was the



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only one left, and as I dropped a coin into the instrument I spoke to her, and she shook her head, and with a most wistful look on her beautiful dark face repeated some words in a foreign tongue. When I made signs that I did not understand her she showed me the half of a sheet of note-paper covered with writing, probably in the language in which she had been speaking, though, strange to say, in two or three places I made out quite distinctly the word "Bayford."

I pointed to it, and pronounced it, and a look of gladness came over her face. "Yes!" she could say that plainly enough, and she said it four or five times, "Yes, Bayford!" and then we began a conversation in pantomime that had there been any passers-by would have speedily collected a crowd. With some difficulty I made out that she wanted to go to Bayford, and with still greater difficulty I got her to understand that I was going there myself, and I wrote some directions on a piece of paper and showing her my watch pointed to the figure nine, and by various other devices I made her understand that that was the time for the train to start. She turned away from me with a smile that enhanced the wild beauty of her face, and I went to my rooms and to bed wondering what on earth could be taking a girl so young, and apparently so friendless, to this out of the way spot, until, getting back to the recollection of the man in the condemned cell, enduring, as best he might, the shame and ignominy of having been pronounced guilty of so foul a crime, I fell asleep muttering to myself the words, "Find the man, Davington, that struck down Sir Lawrence!"

## CHAPTER VI.

MISS LENWOOD walked with me to the station next morning, and when, with the most lively satisfaction, she had informed me that Lord Darcy had wired to say that he would be with them as soon as possible, I told her of my meeting with the foreign girl, and of the curious coincidence that she too should be going to Bayford, and presently we came in sight of her, still dressed in the same striking costume, and carrying her triangle and tambourine. She recognised me at once, and came towards us with a look of pleasure.

"Try to make her understand," I said to Miss Lenwood, "that I am going to get her ticket" but when I looked back I saw the two girls face to face, but making no signs, for each seemed taken up with the beauty of the other. When I returned they were sitting on a seat at the far end of the platform.

"Her name is 'Zoe,'" said Miss Lenwood, "and I believe she's looking for someone."

"Zoe," I repeated. "That reminds one of Byron's '*see mou sas agapo*.'"

The girl's quick ears caught the sound of the words, and the flush on her face, and the look in her eye, as she softly repeated them, showed that she understood them. And then it occurred to us both that she was a Greek; but my knowledge of the language had grown so rusty, and the few words I could remember were probably too classical, for I could make her understand nothing beyond the refrain I had quoted, and which every now and then I repeated like some parrot saying over its little stock of phrases.

And so at last, with a final repetition of the words, I got her into the train, and when we started, my hand was still tingling with the warm pressure of Ruby Lenwood's, and my face aglow with the warmth of the thanks that fell from her lips, and as she turned away from the platform, she gave us a final wave of good-bye and encouragement. It was a most tiring journey, stopping as we did at nearly every station, and changing here and there, and when at last we were deposited at Carn Brea, we had to wait some time for a trap to take us the eight miles that still lay before us, so that when we came in sight of Bayford the afternoon sun was hanging low, and amid the excitement that our arrival created, I hustled Zoe into the inn as speedily as possible, and ordered tea. I could not help smiling when I reflected

upon the peculiar circumstances under which my experiences as a detective were beginning. As we had ridden along the country road, I had managed to pick up a few words of Zoe's converse, one in particular to which she recurred again and again. It sounded something like a word that I had often declined at school, and which I remembered was the Greek for "man," so I repeated it with as nearly as possible the same pronunciation as she had given it, and I added the translation "man."

"Yes! man! man!" she said, nodding energetically, and then pointing towards Bayford, and saying "man," she made me understand that she expected to see some man there. And so I explained matters to the landlady—who, by the way, came from the Emerald Isle—by saying that the young foreigner was in search of her lover, for that was how I interpreted "man," and that she evidently hoped to find him in the village.

"Divil a wan is there here, I'm thinkin'," said Mrs. Flannigan, "that 'ud own the poor darlint, but she shan't want for bit or sup, and she can look round. Arrah! come here Alanna!" and there was that in the kindly Irishwoman's face, and in the outstretched arms, that needed no translation, and as the girl went softly to her, and laid her head on the motherly bosom, I left them and went for a stroll through the village, to take observation of the state of the tide, for I wanted to begin my investigation with as little delay as possible. The tide was nearly full, and the spot—so they told me—where the Baronet had been found would now be covered, but it would be low water at noon the next day, and Jim Kerrigan's boy would show me where his father had found the "poor gentleman." When I got back from my ramble Zoe's story was well afoot. The women were discussing it from door to door, and if any one who knew the poor girl had been in the village, he would have had a particularly difficult task to hide himself. And Zoe's dejected look when she came back from what was practically a house to house visitation, told me, even without the expressive shake of her head, that she had failed in her quest, and then she broke down utterly, and there was more coaxing from Mrs. Flannigan, and I was looked upon in the little tap-room as the kind-hearted gentleman who had brought the "lass to find her lad," and I was well-content to let it rest at that, for I should be less likely to be followed in my movements. I was up betimes in the morning, and found Zoe waiting for me. She took a paper from her bosom and showed me an address—though all I could remember of it after she was gone, was that it was somewhere in Southampton—and pointing to herself she made me understand that she was going there, and neither my entreaties, expressed in the most energetic pantomime, nor those of Mrs. Flannigan, conveyed in the purest Erse ("for shure," said she, "the darlint might understand the raal tongue,") could prevail upon her to stay any longer with us. She took my hand and kissed it, and she looked so young and forlorn, and so pretty—that I kissed her as I would have done my sister. For a moment there slipped into her eyes quite a roguish look, as she lisped out, "*Soe mon sas agapo*," and before we could prevent it, she ran from the house, and away up the street, and there pausing, she tapped her triangle two or three times, and broke into the same wild plaintive air that I heard in Launceston; and the wives and children listened in tears, and many a rough fisherman drew his hand across his face, and brushed away the signs of the emotion he was ashamed that the women folk should see. And then up the very path that Sir Lawrence had trodden on that fatal morning went Zoe, and turning, with her figure plainly outlined against the morning sky, she waved her hand, and was gone.

The tide was well out when little Jim and I passed the point that cut off the view of Bayford.

"Yan's the heap," he said, pointing to where they had raised a pile of stones to mark the spot where the Baronet had been found.

"Thank you, Jimmy," said I, giving him a shilling. "Do you run back now, and tell Mrs. Flannigan to have dinner for me at two o'clock," and with the

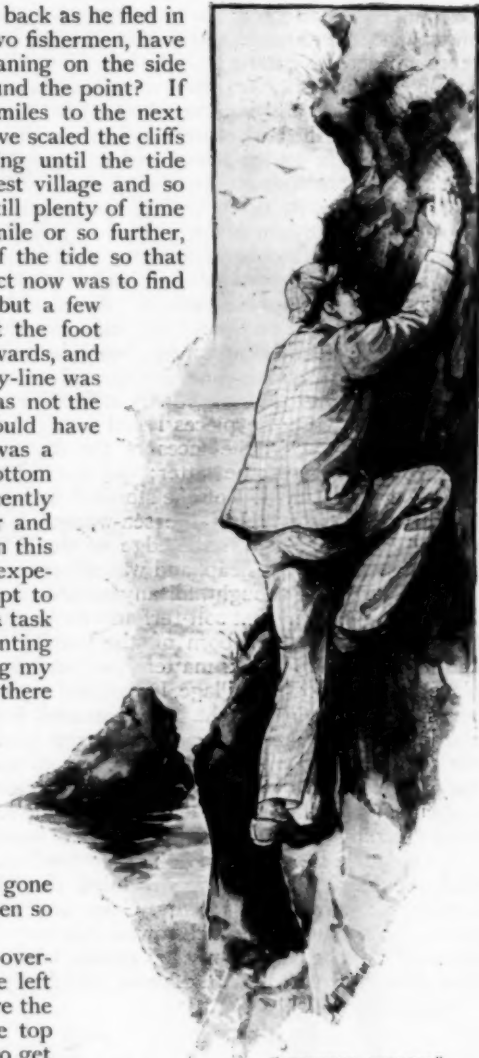
beetling cliffs on the one hand, and on the other the shingle and sand bestrewn with long sea-weed streamers, and stretching away to the shimmering ocean, I began the work of proving the innocence of the man of whose existence but a short month before I had been completely ignorant.

I had little hope of gaining anything from an examination of the place where Sir Lawrence had been picked up, for the tide had been in and out, and had washed it thoroughly; but even thus early in my researches I learnt that I must not miss an inch of the locality. I may as well say at once that the theory upon which I was working was that the Baronet had been struck down on the top of the cliff and afterwards leisurely robbed at its foot; for if the blow had been strong enough to kill him, he must, in all probability, have fallen over at once, seeing that he was standing so close to the edge. The stones that lay near the heap were all worn smooth by the repeated action of the waves; but as I poked amongst them with my stick, I turned up here and there pieces that looked as if one or more of them had been broken. Now, if my theory were correct, a stone wielded with sufficient force would have produced the wound on the back of the head. Were these fragments the remains of such a stone that had fallen from the hand that gave the blow, and had it been broken on the shore stones? With no very definite idea of the use to which I should put them, I took two of the largest pieces and slipped them into my pocket. My theory proceeded thus: the person—and by this time I had come to the conclusion that there was only one man in it—who had brought Carew to his untimely end could easily have sneaked through the village in the early morning; but after securing the plunder he would hardly have risked a return journey through the street, and, if not, he must have climbed the cliffs somewhere. With this thought in my mind I ran my eye along the cliff to left and right, but no sign of a path could I see; and so I determined to examine the face of the rocks on the side farther from Bayford.

Slowly, yard by yard, I went along, and I had traversed a full mile before I came to anything worth examining. That which brought me to a halt was a break in the continuity of the cliff, which, when I came to examine it, proved to be the entrance to a small cave. This opening was about four feet in width, and rather more than a foot higher than the top of my head; but the interior of the cave was too dark for me to see how far it went back, though when I had improvised a small torch from my wax matches I could see that it was of no very great extent. On the floor there were seaweeds and drift, showing that at times the tide covered it, and amongst the rings of lighter wrack that the tail of some wind had blown to the farther end and above the water-mark, I caught sight of a piece of paper, and drawing it out was struck by its peculiar shape. When I got it to the light, I noticed that it had been wrapped round and round something, just as one would wrap a piece of rag round a cut finger, and looking at it closer I saw that it had preserved its finger-of-glove shape, owing to its having been matted together by—yes! by blood! Moreover, there was a crease in the middle of it, as though produced by the bending of a joint over which it had passed; but when I tried it on my fingers I could not get it to pass over the first knuckle of any one of them. I had put the piece of paper away carefully, so as to preserve its shape, and was leaning on the side of the cave entrance looking back towards Bayford point, when suddenly I caught sight of a spot about six or seven inches below where my left hand was, and when I had examined the mark critically I could come to no other conclusion than that the discolouration on the rock had been produced by the same fluid that had matted the paper together. Who had left that stain? Was it man or woman, for the paper finger-stall would have fitted a small man or an ordinary sized woman? And judging by the position, which my hand had naturally assumed when I rested it on the side of the cave, and remembering that I was five feet ten, I came to the conclusion, that the finger which had produced the tell-tale mark, belonged to someone who would most probably be five feet three or four.

Could the robber have looked back as he fled in the early morning, and, seeing the two fishermen, have hidden himself in the cave, and leaning on the side have watched them out of sight round the point? If so, how did he get away? It was miles to the next fishing centre, and he must either have scaled the cliffs somewhere close at hand, or, waiting until the tide again ran out, have made the nearest village and so gained the high road. There was still plenty of time for me to follow the cliffs along a mile or so further, but I was careful to note the state of the tide so that I should not get nipped. My object now was to find some path upward. I had gone but a few hundred yards when I noticed that the foot of the cliff made a sudden bend inwards, and looking to the top, I saw that the sky-line was broken for some distance. There was not the least doubt that an active man could have clambered up here, and, yes, there was a faint track, and the *débris* at the bottom looked as though it had but recently fallen. I was a fairly good climber and had been up many stiffer places than this looked in my various mountain expeditions, but when I made the attempt to ascend I found that I had tackled a task that was anything but easy. Still, panting and struggling, I persevered, keeping my eyes about me, and seeing here and there at each halt, in the torn bushes, and the marks left by dislodged stones, traces of the person who had climbed up before me. It was when within a few feet of the top that the most difficult piece of work had to be done, and I verily believe I should have turned tail and gone down again had not the descent been so ugly.

The ledge of the cliff was an overhanging one, but edging away to the left I came presently upon a spot where the summit was just on a level with the top of my head, and pausing for awhile to get my breath, I threw my arms as far over the ledge as possible, and straining against the cliff face struggled upwards, and presently, bruised and panting, I rolled over into some brambles that grew near the path that ran along the cliff-top. There I lay for some minutes, at full length, my hands amongst the bushes, and as I moved the fingers of my right hand they touched something hard, and looking in the direction I saw the flash of a white metal. It was a small silver snuff-box that I had found, and when I had rubbed it, and polished it up, I saw that it was of the finest workmanship, beautifully chased, and on the lid was a coat of arms beneath which there stood out plainly the motto "Salve." I hadn't the remotest idea whether Sir Lawrence had been a snuff-taker, neither did I know his crest; but the box could have belonged to no common



"STRUGGLED UPWARDS"

person, and I had no doubt that it had formed part of the plunder taken from the unfortunate gentleman. And now I began to see what a walking encyclopædia a thorough detective must be. To be sure a "Burke's Peerage" would have given me at once a clue to the original owner, but how was I to come at such a book in this outlandish spot; and I pictured to myself the real detective satisfying himself at once. I mean the real, omniscient, thorough-going amateur. I say I pictured him rubbing the box on his sleeve, and saying "Aye, Sir Lawrence's!" or "Lord this or that's," and popping it into his pocket to assist in running down the villain who had stolen it, or in calling upon some high and mighty personage for an explanation as to how his property had strayed so far afield.

When I had recovered from my exertions I strolled leisurely along the path in the direction of Bayford until I reached the seat where the two cousins had rested that morning, and looking inland I saw the bend of the road from which the Major had looked his last on the solitary man, on whose body the light of the coming sun was to fall as he lay dead on the beach below. There were clumps of bushes here and there, and walking amongst these I came across a good many weather-worn stones, and having, at length, with some difficulty, broken one of these, I compared its fragments with the pieces I had brought from below. They were alike in all respects, except that the faces of the fractures in the former were brighter and grayer than those of the latter; but this difference could easily be accounted for, seeing that the surfaces of the stones I had brought up had been exposed to the weather and the wash of the sea-water. I found another stone of considerable size, and pitching it over the edge of the cliff watched the effect of the fall. It struck fairly, near the heap, and was shivered.

How easily, I thought, for anyone armed with such a stone, to creep up in that dim light, and over that soft turf and strike the man as he stood there, absorbed in the mournful thoughts born of the parting through which he had just gone; and the better to think matters out, and feeling that here was a more suitable place than the gossipy village, I stretched myself at full length beside the bench, and was speedily lost in thought. I was aroused from my reverie by the sound of wheels, and looking up, I saw the very same trap that had brought me over, making for the village. Two men were in it; one of them was the owner of the cart, and the other I could see plainly enough was a cockney of the most pronounced type; and cursing the luck that had brought the fellow to the place just when I wanted to be the only stranger in it, I got up and sauntered along the road.

Of course the fellow would go to the inn. How could I best show him the cold shoulder? I made up my mind that if I could not come at the privacy I required, I would go to Mrs. Gray, and make every effort to get her to take me in, for although she had vowed that now Sir Lawrence was gone she would never let anyone else occupy her rooms, I felt that the touch "o' the siller" would be a strong argument in my favour, and finding that it was close upon two o'clock I stepped out briskly.

## CHAPTER VII.

I FOUND Mrs. Flannigan in a state of suppressed excitement.

"There's a jintleman—the Lord be betune me and harrum for tellin' the lie, but that's what he called himself—waitin' for ye. 'Is Davington hin?' says he 'Misther Davington,' says I, wid all me dignity, 'will be here at two o'clock.' 'Thin I'll wait, my good woman,' says he, 'and will yer bring me a glass of your best hale?' Arrah, what for would the loikes of a London sparry like that be after callin' me a good woman? I've laid for the pair av yes, thinkin' may be he was somebody had business wid ye."

I pushed the parlour door open with anything but a gentle hand, and there was the stranger, habited in typical Cockney costume, staring out of the window

over the ocean. He turned at the noise of my entrance, and I saw that he was a very small man—scarcely above five feet four—with a turned-up nose, freckled face, sharp, gimletty eyes and sandy hair cropped close.

"Mr. Davington," said he, coming towards me with outstretched hand that, in spite of my apparently not seeing it, would not be satisfied until it had clutched mine. "'Appy to see you; 'appy to see you. 'Ope you're well." And dropping my hand he clapped an eyeglass to his eye and stared at me up and down, making such excruciatingly funny grimaces in his efforts to keep the monocle in place, that I burst into roars of laughter. He was not a bit offended. "Dem'm'd comic, isn't it?" he went on, joining me in the chorus for a time. "Tho', I say, by Jove"—and here he grew quite serious—"I don't think we ought to be making so merry when poor Carew's in such a deuce of a mess. I'm 'Arry 'Andover from 'darn East' until we get out of this dead-and-alive hole; I'm Darcy when I'm at home, and Miss Lenwood—splendid girl, regular brick, isn't she?—sent me to help you."

And so this, I thought, is my Lord Darcy, a shining light in the detective world; and as I looked him over, and listened to his chatter, I could easily understand the grim smile that had flitted over General Lenwood's face when his lordship's name had been mentioned.

"Call me 'Andover," said he, never giving me a chance to get in a word edge-wise; "call me 'Andover while we're down here, and for goodness sake don't let Darcy drop out, for that woman—what's her name, Banaghan's? no, Flannigan's eyes are like saucers, and her ears as long as a donkey's. You've heard of me, I daresay, in the matter of the Shelluster Diamonds. We've got an amateur detective club, and when we had our debate about the Shellusters, I spotted the old lady. Usual thing, you know; diamonds disappeared, paste and pawn-tickets in their place; and then I'm hanged if the beastly police didn't step in and crib my idea, and they found that it was the nephew who had them all the time, though, of course, the old Dame knew it perfectly well, and I believe——"

But what he believed was not destined to be told, for the entrance of the landlady with the dinner cut short his story, and converted him once more into a regular East-ender, and I must say he played the part to perfection and kept it up during the whole time that Mrs. Flannigan was running backwards and forwards. When we had finished dinner he gave me his views on what he called "the Carew case," and to please him I propounded a few theories, though I forbore to tell him what clues I had picked up, and he kept on spinning away until he was wholly wrapt up in the threads of his own making and the dead-fly remains of my theories that he had demolished. There was one point in which it occurred to me that he might possibly be able to help me.

"Do you happen to know," I asked, "what the Carew crest is?"

"No, I don't," he said, "but I



"'APPY TO SEE YOU"

can soon tell you," and rushing impetuously to the corner of the room he opened his heavily laden Gladstone bag. "Everything's in order, you see," said he, looking up at me with his twinkling little eyes, as he knelt beside the bag. "Here are my disguises on one side, and my reference library on the other. Here we are, 'Enquire Within,' 'Maunder's Treasury of Knowledge,' 'Bradshaw,' 'Stephens on Evidence,'" and so on through a list of other books that seemed about as useful as the strange equipments of the Knight whom Alice met in her wonderful adventures, until at last with a flourish he handed out a "Burke's Peerage," and levelling the book at me, as though to give his homily the sharper point, and still on his knees, he lectured me upon the advisability of always making a note of any book that might come in useful, and as soon as possible adding it to my travelling stock. "I always carry Burke, ever since we made such a mess of the Burgoyne business. There wasn't a man amongst us could tell the Burgoyne arms, and if we'd known them we could have nabbed the very thief himself. Instead of that we gave the wrong man into custody, and he made us pay damages. So down went Burke on my list and into my bag as soon as I could get him, and here he comes in handy. What do you want? Oh, yes; the Carew crest!" And with that he squatted on the floor and turned the leaves over rapidly. "Ah! Yes! Here we are. Caley, Cameron, Carew, Sir Lawrence;" and then in the jargon of heraldry he read out something about a bear or some other beast, rampant on a field so-and-so, which, unintelligible as it was to me for the most part, did not tally at all with the coat of arms on the snuff-box.

Then I tried him on another tack.

"I don't know anything about 'fields azure' or 'beasts regardant.'"

"Then you ought to learn," he interrupted.

"But," I went on, "can you find out whose coat of arms it is that consists of two hands clasped and the motto 'Salve?'"

After a long hunt and sundry references to a document that he produced from his library, he was able to tell me at last.

"By Jove! It's Penrath's," he cried, jumping up. "I ought to have remembered it, for I know him very well, and somehow it seemed familiar to me. Penrath's got a place somewhere down here. Wanted me to go yachting with him, but I can't stand it. Get so horribly sea-sick, don't you know?"

I had made one discovery at all events, and I was truly grateful to his small lordship for the same, so I let him run on for awhile until he paused for want of breath, and I got in another question.

"Where is Lord Penrath now?" asked I.

"Hanged if I know!" said he. "I expect he's pottering about somewhere on the Mediterranean coast. He sailed out of Southampton last. We might find out there. But what makes you so keen about Penrath? How did you come to pick up his crest? Hang it all, he hasn't got anything to do with the Carew case, has he?"

"I really don't know yet," I said, "but from your great experience" (and here the little man made the most of his few inches) "I know that you must have learnt that there are explanations sometimes, which have to be kept back in the interests of the people for whom you may be working."

"Quite so! Quite so!" he began. "Now I remember——"

But I cut his remembrances short, for I wanted to get rid of him, and I saw a way of effecting my purpose, and at the same time of making him do the State some service. "It is of the utmost importance," I said, "to discover where Lord Penrath is. Now, if you would go to Southampton and find out his whereabouts, you would be helping our case on in a way that I can't well explain now. Will you do it?"

"To be sure I will," said he. "But where will you be? We must keep in touch, you know. That's the grand thing when you're hunting in couples—to keep

in touch. Now there's Charley Winter, a good sharp fellow, but he'll always play a lone hand—won't keep in touch. And we missed as pretty a chance as ever you heard of, all because the beggar wouldn't let me know where he was to be at a certain time."

"I shan't do that," I said. "If you will go to some hotel in Southampton, you can telegraph to me, and they will send it over from Redruth, but don't send a wire unless it's very important, for the charges for messenger will come heavy; and if I want you I can telegraph to you. Now there's a train up some time after six o'clock, and you could just catch it, for the trap that brought you has not gone back yet."

"Now that's devilish sharp of you," said he. "How do you know that?"

"Well, I overheard Mrs. Flannigan telling the man that he couldn't get any fish until four o'clock, and he said that he would wait."

"Well then, I'm to slip on to Southampton," said he. "What's the best disguise to go in, do you think?"

"Why not go *in propria persona*, as Lord Darcy?"

"No, no! Never do! Don't you see," said he, "you may pick up ever so many things on the road? Now what do you think of going as a sailor?"

"Do very nicely," I said, seeing that I must humour him.

"I've got the rig out in my bag," said he, "and, by Jove, there's some fellows tarring their boat on the beach. I'll go and upset one of the pots and dip my hands. Sharp idea that, isn't it?" and off the little lord started, and had nearly reached the door when he suddenly stopped. "By George! I'd almost forgotten! What's become of the girl that came over here with you? Miss Lenwood told me about her; and, do you know, I believe she's got something to do with this case. What on earth could she want over here?"

"My dear fellow," I said, and it was really a new experience to me to be on such a familiar footing with a lord, "My dear fellow, you'll be suspecting me next!"

"And what if I did?" he said. "It's a detective's duty to suspect everybody and then to proceed by a process of elimination. I've eliminated you, but I'm blessed if I eliminate the Greek girl yet. Where is she?"

"She went away from here to Southampton," I said, "and if you think it worth while you might hunt her up, too."

"Then here comes in the use of the disguise," he laughed. "I'll go as a sailor. Let me see. I've to get in touch with Penrath, keep in touch with you, and find the girl. And now I must be off to dip my hands in the tar, and then to astonish the natives with a Yo! heave ho!" and out he rushed and away to the shore, to return presently with his hands well daubed. "Stand by! that's nautical," he said. "Stand by the tops'l halyards! I mean the door," and in a twinkling he jumped into a sailor's suit, and was in the midst of performing what he called a hornpipe when he was interrupted by Mrs. Flannigan's tap on the door and Mrs. Flannigan's voice proclaiming that the man was ready to start back. I shall never forget that good lady's look of surprise when, after giving me the Southampton address and seizing his Gladstone bag, Darcy "paraded on deck," and when we had seen the last of him and had heard his last "Heave ho!" Mrs. Flannigan found her voice.

"I niver had any opinyin of thim play-actor fellies, and be this and that it's meself understhands now why they call 'em 'low comajuns.'"

## CHAPTER VIII.

"So much for Lord Darcy," thought I, as I got back to my room; but somehow I could not help liking him, for although he had all the self-possession of a sparrow, he had none of that bird's selfishness, and little did I think that the time was to come when I should prove that there was enough pluck and coolness in his five foot

three of humanity to have supplied the right hand man of a company of grenadier guards and still leave enough to pass on to the next soldier.

I called out to Mrs. Flannigan that I was going to do some writing and did not want to be disturbed, and that if I required anything I would ring, and having thus secured myself against interruption I sat down to try and puzzle out the meaning of the clues I had picked up, for clues I verily believed them to be.

In the first place I re-examined the fragments of stone that I had brought away with me, and although the gray lustre of the surfaces of fracture was considerably tarnished, I could yet distinguish that the breakage had been of recent date, and I had already proved that it could have been produced by a fall on the beach. Then I took the piece of paper, and after carefully measuring and noting its calibre, I moistened it and flattened it out, and I saw that it had been torn from some newspaper, and contained part of an advertisement relating to a school. Here I was at a loss, and once more I recognised that my acquirements were not up to the orthodox amateur standard, for had they been so I should have been able to spot the paper, and so have enhanced the value of the find. As I could not do so, I passed on to clue No. 3, the snuff-box, and here I considered that I had scored a success, though how I was to connect Lord Penrath with the case I could not see, and I was fain to confess that up to the present luck had been with me, and if I won a victory, I felt that I ought, like some warrior of old, to vow a temple to Fortune. It was while I was staring at the snuff-box that an idea occurred to me. According to Darcy, Lord Penrath was on a yachting tour, and had a place somewhere in Cornwall. Had he called in at Bayford, and if so, when? Mrs. Flannigan would know, and to Mrs. Flannigan I went; but the rays of the afternoon sun were glancing on the glasses and pewters of an empty bar, and the presiding deity of the establishment was fast asleep in her armchair.

"Bad cess to the man! I thought he was writing," said she, springing up and putting her cap straight, but I speedily quieted her, and proceeded to examine her as to her knowledge of Lord Penrath and his yacht. Yes, she had heard the name, and she knew he had a place somewhere "beyant," but "divil a ship of any kind barrin' the fishin' boats, had set fut in Bayford for the last six months. But, there, Jan Manfred, the constable, knew more about the quality than she did." And to Jan Manfred I went, only to find that he was away on a tour of inspection, and so I came back to find Mrs. Flannigan busy with her preparations for tea, and I readily accepted her invitation to join her in the meal, for tea and gossip had been so intimately connected with each other in my experience, that I fully expected my hostess would open out and tell me the news of the place. The very first topic she hit upon was the murder, of course, and her fierce denunciations of the man for whom I was working were anything but encouraging to my design of having a chat with the witnesses.

"The black-hearted villain! shure there wasn't a man, woman, or child in the place that wouldn't set their tin nails into him, and drag the hair out of his head. Bedad av there wasn't a man in Launceston to hang him she'd do it herself," and she speedily convinced me that Sir John Carew's shrift would be but a short one, if he ever had the opportunity of showing himself in Bayford again. I had no desire whatever to have a like harangue from Mrs. Gray, and so I put off making that lady's acquaintance, and whiled away the evening in converse with the fishermen in the tap-room, and I learned that Lord Penrath's place was some miles away, and although no yacht had put into Bayford very lately, one had been seen beating out of the bay some days before the murder, and it was clear to me that for many years to come the chronicles of Bayford would be fixed by reference to the event that had cast such a cloud over the prospects and happiness of the village. Sunday morning broke clear and fine, and it seemed as though nature knew that this was the day of rest. Slowly and steadily the tide came creeping

in, floating up the long trailers of brilliant green and red sea-weed, and as I sat on the beach my thoughts went out to the man in the condemned cell.

I passed the morning in writing to Miss Lenwood, and I felt justified in adopting a hopeful tone, and knowing how blessed action is, in such a time of suspense as she was going through, I told her how important it was to find out where Lord Penrath was, and I asked her to try and do so, and should she be successful to telegraph to the hotel in Southampton where Darcy was staying. There was nothing to keep me in Bayford any longer, and I determined to make for Southampton next day and to bend all my energies to the discovery of Lord Penrath, for somehow I felt that the snuff-box was my trump card.

"You'll be lonely wid your own company," said Mrs. Flannigan to me, when my letter was finished. "Shure av it's not a liberty will ye come and take your dinner wid me?" and glad enough I was to accept the kind-hearted woman's hospitality; and it must have been Providence, that I have irreverently called luck, that prompted the good soul to give me the invitation.

Dinner had been cleared away when I cast my eyes about for something to read. Darcy's library would have been a God-send.

"What newspapers do you get in these parts, Mrs. Flannigan?" I asked.

"Well," said she, "the poor man that's gone, rest his sowl," and here she crossed herself, "used to be after sindin' us the *Toimes*, and he'd have 'em kep' an' bound and put in the radin' room, tho' sorra a man used to rade thim, barrin' Mrs. Gray, for they didn't understhand thim whin they did. The ould lady used to sind thim to me whin she was done wid 'em, but shure 'twas a foine row I was after gettin' into over the blessed things."

"How was that?" I asked.

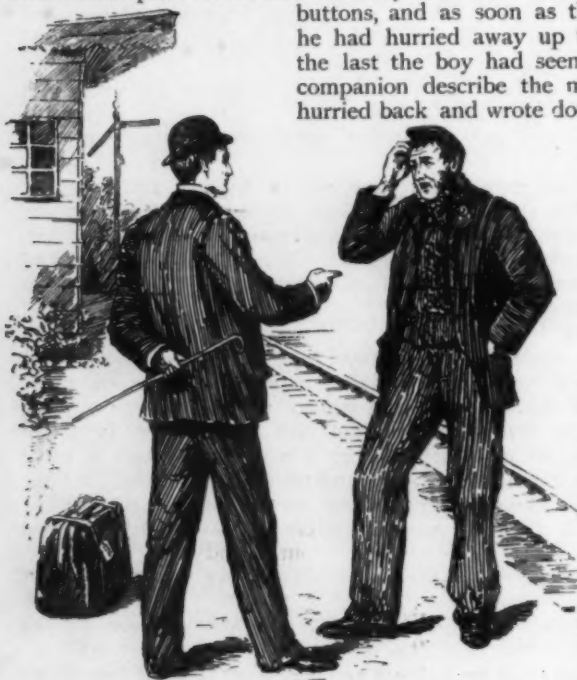
"Well, one avnin', and more be token 'twas just before we found the Baronet, and whin I was bothered wid somethin', in runs Sanson's bhoir for three penn'orth o' bread and chaase and half-a-pint o' rum in a bottle. Well, there was a pile av the papers that Mrs. Gray had just sint up, more be token 'twas little use they were, and widout knowin' what I was doin' I toor a piece av the top paper off and wrapt the chaase in it, and whin I found what I'd done I hid the paper away, and a foine ould row there was, what wid me stickin' out—may I be forgiven—that I'd niver seen it, and Mrs. Gray insultin' me wid callin' me a liar."

"Have you got the paper now?" I asked. "I should like to look at it. I want something to read."

"Av I give it to ye," said she, "ye won't let on, and whin ye've done wid it put a match to ut and burn ut."

I promised faithfully to carry out her behests and very soon held the torn paper in my hand. I could see that the type corresponded with that on the piece of paper I had found, and when, five minutes afterwards, I had leisure to examine it critically in my own room, I saw that the tear had gone through a school advertisement, and a further examination and comparison revealed the startling fact that what I had found in the cave, though by no means the whole of the missing portion, had yet once formed part and parcel of the newspaper Mrs. Flannigan had torn. Who had been the purchaser of the rum and cheese? Sanson's boy could tell me, and I must lose no time in finding him. I now plainly recognised the fact that I must on no account let it be known that I was working in the interests of Sir John Carew, for Mrs. Flannigan, and others to whom I had spoken, had shown me how bitterly hostile everyone in Bayford was to him. So I slipped out without a word to Mrs. Flannigan, and set off to discover for myself the whereabouts of the youthful Sanson, and by a liberal and judicious outlay of copper currency, the lad was speedily brought to me, and giving out that I wanted to go for a walk, and required a guide, I hired him in that capacity, and off

we started over the cliffs. I had some difficulty in overcoming the youngster's scruples when I asked him to tell me for whom he had bought the cheese. "Ye ken," said he (and it turned out that he was Mrs. Gray's nephew), "ye ken the mon gav me saxpence that I wadna tell," and I never had a sterner rebuke from any one than from this child when I suggested that the man would never know. "Aye but ye ken, God wad know," and it was only when I had promised solemnly and faithfully to restore the money, and when I had further driven into his little Scotch skull the importance of the information that he could give me, that I got it. On the evening before the murder, and he remembered the day and date perfectly, a very short man had accosted the boy in the outskirts of the village, and giving him sixpence for himself had got him to post a letter, and to buy him the bread and cheese and spirit. This man was very dark and dressed in a sailor's suit with brass



"FELL TO SCRATCHING HIS HEAD"

buttons, and as soon as the provisions were brought, he had hurried away up the cliff path, and that was the last the boy had seen of him. I made my little companion describe the man again and again, and I hurried back and wrote down as full a description as I could of the fellow, and added what other particulars I had been able to glean, amongst which was the fact that the man was wearing a cap on which a name was printed, the three first letters of which—and they were all that the boy could remember—were G. A. L. How I wished that I had found out from Darcy the name of Lord Penrath's yacht, for he, no doubt, knew it. I must wait now until I met him in Southampton. If the man whom I was now so anxious to overhaul had left the neighbourhood, he had doubtless done so by means of the railway, and if he had started from Carn, someone there, at such a small station, would, perhaps, remember him. It

was too late to get across that night, so I possessed my soul in patience, and to while away the time had a chat with Mrs. Gray, and it proved a very easy matter, indeed, to draw her out, for she was one of the most sincere admirers of the late, and one of the most bitter enemies of the present Baronet, and so often had her views with regard to the *modus operandi* of the murder been propounded, that they had now emerged from the region of theory, and entered the realm of fact, or "fac" as she called it. When I announced my intention of leaving in the morning, my landlady's regrets, had they been as sincere as they were loud, would have been sincere, indeed. I could get but little sleep so excited was I at the prospect of finding the man who, I had now convinced myself, had either killed Sir Lawrence Carew, or at all events knew who had done so, and glad enough was I when the morning broke, to snatch a hasty breakfast, and start off on my long walk.

CHAPTER IX.

I MANAGED to get a telegram sent on from Carn Station to Darcy, telling him that I was coming by the first train, and when this message had been despatched I found the station-master, and, describing my man and giving day and date, asked if any such person had taken a ticket at Carn, and if so, where to?

"I remember the Major coming, perfectly well," said he, "but I was busy with my books that day—Jim!" he called to the porter who was loitering near, "can you recollect anyone in particular, besides the Major, leaving here the day the Baronet was murdered?"

For a long time Jim's expression gave no hope, but gradually there dawned a look of intelligence on his stolid face, and his fishy eyes began to brighten, and as he fell to scratching his head, that never failing remedy for clearing the dull brain, his words came out in jerks.

"Yes! I remember—sailor cove—give me sixpence for a bit o' rag—took a ticket for Southampton—had to change a sov.—little dark bloke." I believe I rather astonished Jim with the magnitude of my tip, and glad enough was I to be presently rushing along to the sea-port whither already Zoe, Darcy, and the mysterious sailor had preceded me. How long would my good fortune hold out? I wondered. Surely within the fortnight that was left to us, we could run our man down, for I determined to get any and every help that I could, and it would go hard, but that we would search every nook and corner of Southampton in the time. To be sure he might have gone further afield, but even in that case I trusted that I had a sufficiently accurate description of him to lay him by the heels. Darcy, rigged out as a typical sailor, met me at Southampton station and took me to a most comfortable inn, and introducing me to the skipper—as he called him—intimated that if we liked the lodgings we should stay for some time. Never have I passed a more wretched or dispiriting week. The sailor for whom we were hunting, with a full pack of official helpers, seemed to have left this planet, and Lord Penrath and his yacht—whose name, so I found out, was the *Galicia*—appeared to have followed suit. All we could hear about the latter was that he had called in at Gibraltar and had dined with the officers of one of the regiments stationed there, and that he had gone away undecided as to whether he should take a run across to Algeria, or try the Italian coast. Darcy and I had agreed that we would spare no efforts to get in touch with the *Flying Dutchman*, as he put it, and so I drew upon my bankers for a considerable sum, and we opened up a communication with the British consuls of nearly every important place on either coast of the Mediterranean. Still we could get no tidings of the yacht, and the middle of the last week allotted by the law to Carew of Lowmoor had arrived, before the first glimmer of hope came to us in the shape of an answer to my advertisement about the watch. The communication was from a Mr. Fraser, a Southampton pawnbroker, and was to the effect that to the best of his recollection a watch answering the description given, had been pawned with him on or about the 21st of May, and the writer went on to say that very shortly after that date he had, by the advice of his medical man, started for the South of France, where he was then staying. He added that the man pledging the article gave the name of John Smith, and was a tall, dark man, who by his speech seemed to be an American, and that, if I applied at his place of business, his assistant would give me any further information that he could. I lost no time in hunting up Fraser's shop, and when the watch was laid before me, I knew from its number, and other particulars, that it was the identical timepiece which Sir Lawrence Carew had asked for, and obtained in exchange for his own, from his cousin.

But I was grievously disappointed in the description of the pawnee, for it in no way tallied with that of the man for whom I was hunting, the man who had accosted Sanson's boy in Bayford, and who had left Carn station the next day for

Southampton. When I first met Darcy I had determined to keep my own counsel with regard to the discoveries that I had made, but the genial nature of the little man, and the zeal that animated him, gradually so won upon me, that I let him hear all I had to tell the inspector, whom I called in to our assistance. And now when I told him how disappointed I was in the matter of the watch, he fairly laughed at me.

"Why! my dear fellow," said he, "instead of being down in the dumps, you ought to be highly delighted. You've two chances now of finding your man, where you had only one before. The fellow who took the watch either wasn't green enough to go with it himself to 'the shop,' or he wasn't able, and we've got a fairly good description of the so-called John Smith, and now we're looking for two birds instead of one."

Thursday seemed to come and go with a rush, so busy were we in beating up the shady quarters of Southampton. Friday passed in like manner, and then on Saturday morning there came a buff-coloured envelope that set our hearts beating. The message was from Naples and Penrath—"Put in at Ajaccio, and had long sporting tour. Hence delay in arriving here. What do you want," and backwards and forwards flashed the messages until we were in possession of the following facts. Andrea Barrari, a Greek, whose description answered exactly to that of my man at Bayford and Carn Station, had been taken on by Penrath at Southampton as steward; but his pilferings were so extensive that he was ignominiously expelled the yacht and put ashore some miles away from Bayford, with the intimation that if ever the opportunity arose, and his lordship came across him again, he would be prosecuted. The snuff-box was missing, and if we had found it we were asked to take every care of it, as it was an heirloom.

"Well, I wasn't far wrong," said Darcy, when we had made a digest of the facts, "when I told you that Zoe had something to do with the case. Of course, this Greek chap is her husband, or her father, or something of that sort, and if we don't find him it will go hard with Carew."

"And if we do find him," I said, "what can we prove? We can, at the most, only convict him of robbery."

"By George, Davington, that's a facer. Still, we must find him."

I telegraphed to Miss Lenwood and told her of our great success, and from her reply I learned that no answer had yet been received from the Home Secretary to the petition which had been so numerous and influentially signed.

We made no delay in calling upon the Chief of the Police, and our interview brought us considerable comfort, for he promised to communicate our discoveries at once to the Home Secretary, and he had no doubt that we had now sufficient evidence to at least put off the execution so as to give time for the arrest of Barrari, which, he assured us, must take place very shortly, seeing that we had such an accurate description of the man.

"It will be very strange," said he, "if we don't come across him in the next few days, and there's one likely spot—a sort of low gambling hell that seamen frequent, down by the quay—where he might be heard of if he's in Southampton. This gentleman here," he said, turning to Darcy, "is a sailor to the manner born,"—and that the great man's flattery was most pleasing to his lordship was very patent—"and I don't see why you two should not pay the place a visit to-night. We've tried many a time to catch them red-handed, but the landlord, a man of some foreign nationality or other, has got his spies so cleverly placed that long before we get in, the whole show is cleared off, and we can only find a few innocent sailors drinking their grog and spinning yarns. Now, if you two were to go, half-seas over, you might see the affair in full swing; and even if this Andrea isn't there—and I don't for a moment think he will be—you may pick up an idea as to where he is. It's worth trying, and I really don't think you'd be running any great risk, unless you made a row yourselves. You'll have plenty of time when you come

back, to get up to London to-morrow, see the Home Secretary, and state your case; and, as I said, I'll telegraph to the Home Office to tell them of the evidence you propose to lay before them. I'll see that some of my men are on hand near Luke's shanty in case there's a row."

The notion suited Darcy "darn to the ground," as he phrased it, and the Inspector put us *en rapport* with the methods of procedure once we found ourselves at the bar of Mr. Luke's paradise, the address of which respectable abode was most carefully noted down by Darcy.

"Keep your ears open," said the Inspector by way of farewell, and without knowing that he was taking such a liberty—for his lordship was still 'Arry 'Andover—he patted the prospective peer on the back and bade him keep up his courage.

"This is the place," said Darcy, stopping in front of a house that stood somewhat back from the street front, in a thoroughfare leading from the quay. "Now we're to walk straight in, ask for our drinks, and then look for the door in the corner of the room. I'm to be spokesman, and you're to be deaf and hold your tongue, but keep your ears open. If there's a row, we are to fall back upon our reserves, the police, and don't forget to keep in touch. Are you ready?" and as I nodded, he opened the door, and we entered a room fitted up as a bar. Several small, marble-topped tables were scattered about here and there, be-rimmed with the marks of the glasses that had stood upon them, but save the individual who was industriously polishing pewter, not a soul was in the place. With a skip and a jump Darcy approached the man, and ordered something which duly appeared in two long tumblers, and which was by no means bad, though its composition was a perfect mystery to me. The wink, and the



"THIS IS THE PLACE"

twist of the thumb, that Darcy gave towards the corner on the left, were inimitable, and taking me by the arm he walked boldly towards the door, and rapped once. Pausing for a second or two he repeated the knock, and gave still a third at a like interval, and no sooner had this third been delivered, than the door flew open and Darcy pulled me in. We passed up a passage, and through another door, and found ourselves in a brilliantly-lighted room, where were assembled some twenty or thirty men, seemingly of every nationality under the sun, for there were Lascars and Chinese to be picked out at once, by the peculiarity of their costume and countenance, and the babel of tongues that recommenced when we made our entrance revealed plainly the cosmopolitan nature of the gathering. Gambling in every form was going on. Here was a hazard table, and so absorbed were those gathered round it, that they scarcely

glanced at us as we came in. There unlimited loo was going on. At a table in a quiet corner two men were playing chess, and a noisy group in another nook were whiling the time away with the seductions of banker. Towards this group Darcy strolled, and after a lively conversation took his place at the table, and bade me sit near him.

His luck was simply marvellous, and soon he had a pile of winnings beside him that drew upon him the eyes of all the players. One man in particular who sat opposite to us, and whose speech pronounced him a Yankee, seemed more interested than the other players. Darcy had just turned a card when this fellow sprang up.

"Boys," he said, "we're bein' cheated; and worse nor that, I reckon there's a spy in the camp."

Everybody seemed to understand the word "spy," and even the hazard players suspended their game at the sound of the word.

"You'll hev to give some account of yourself, stranger," the Yankee went on, "afore you quit. Whar did you git that sparkler?" and he pointed to a ring on Darcy's left hand.

Without turning a hair Darcy stared at his man.

"I got it," he said, speaking very slowly, "from a man I want to see particularly."

"Reckoned you was no sailor, mister," the Yankee slipped in.

"I got it," Darcy went on, "from a man whose name I've heard once or twice to-night, and if anyone can tell me where he is I'll give him a hundred pounds. The man I mean is Andrea Berrari. I'm not a spy, but I can tell you this, if there's a shindy here I shan't get the worst of it, and if I don't turn up soon my friends will be looking for me."

"Oh! they will, will they?" said the Yankee. "Well, then, afore they find you, me and you'll settle our little account. See here, boys," and here he looked round the room, "I say this man has robbed me; and more'n thet, I say he's come here to give us away. Now I mean to give him a chance if he likes to take it, an' if he don't, why the river's broad enough for him and his mate."

I began to think that we had got into a tight corner indeed, but the little lord's pluck pulled us through.

"What's the chance?" he asked, as coolly as though he were ordering a supper.

"Jest this. You stand in thet corner, and I'll stand in this. We'll toss for first shot. Thet's fair, fairer nor your play."

"I'm agreeable," said Darcy, and to my surprise he took out a revolver and laid it on the table beside him.

I suppose such scenes must have been common enough in that den of iniquity, for no one proposed to interfere, but on the contrary they manifested a keen interest in the proceedings, and separating into two parties took up positions out of the line of fire.

"What are you going to do?" I whispered to Darcy.

"Wing him!" he answered. "If he gets first shot he won't hit me, he's not steady enough, and I'm a mark at this game."

"Can't we make a bolt for it?" I suggested.

"Leave it to me!" said Darcy. "I'll make him sing small before we've done. We couldn't get out if we tried, and it wants a good ten minutes before the police come. Now then!" he said, addressing the Yankee, "you say I cheated, I say you're a liar; but putting that on one side, I'll tell you what I'll do. You were talking about this man I want to find. I'll stake my pile against what you know. If you'll put down on a bit of paper where Andrea is, I'll put up my money. If you hit me so that I can't shoot back you take the cash. If I hit you I take the paper."

"That's fair!" said one or two of the onlookers.

"Wal, Andry ain't no great pal o' mine, but I reckon I kin shoot straight enough to stop yer ever clappin' eyes on him, ef I git first shot. Yes, I'm with you," and when a piece of paper and a pencil had been found, he scrawled something down, and handed it to the man sitting next to him.

By this time I was close alongside Darcy.

"What on earth are you doing?" I whispered.

"Be quiet," said he, "and try and think of Carew away yonder waiting for Monday morning. I'd risk ten shots to get him out of that. And remember Ruby Lenwood. If the fellow pinks me, and I don't for a moment think he will, you must look after yourself. Just as he's going to fire, I'll draw a bow at a venture. We can't give the police the tip, or we might nail him without a shot. Spin the coin for me." Everything was ready. I was just about to toss when the Yankee stopped me.

"Hold a bit, mister!" said he. "I reckon we'd better ony hev one charge apiece, else I might git to shootin' all round," and with that he unloaded his revolver all but one chamber, and Darcy did the like by his.

"Now I'm ready," said the Yankee. "Up with the coin!"

I spun the half-crown, and as he called "head" it rattled on the floor. We bent over it. "Head" it was!

"You've got first shot!" said Darcy, as quietly as though they had been tossing for nuts, and with that he took up the glass from which he had been drinking, and walked to his corner. For the life of me I could not take my eyes from the Yankee. Slowly and steadily he raised his weapon, and it seemed to travel upwards until it reached the spot he meant to hit. Then, just as his finger was drawing on the trigger, Darcy spoke.

"How much," said he, "did you get for the watch you pawned?"

I could see the revolver shake in the fellow's grasp, and I knew that the arrow from the bow drawn at a venture had found its mark. There was a sharp report, a loud ring, and the bowl of the glass was shattered in Darcy's hand, just as he was raising it to his lips.

"My turn now," said he, throwing down the stem, and covering his man with the revolver.

One, two, three seconds went by, and instead of the crack of the weapon that we were all waiting for, Darcy's voice was what we heard.

"I don't like to shoot a fellow in cold blood," said he. "Give me the paper and I won't fire. See that picture up there!



"BOLD, BY GEORGE!"

Well, look now," and as he spoke there was a report, the glass covering the picture was shattered, and the bullet had gone through its very centre. The crack of the revolver was still ringing in our ears, when a little window was pushed up and the face of the man whom we had seen at the bar, appeared.

"Zee poleece! zee poleece!" he whispered, and in a twinkling doors opened where no doors had been perceptible, and before the Inspector could get into the room, everyone but Darcy and myself had vanished. The piece of paper for which my lord had risked his life lay upon the floor. He picked it up.

"Sold, by George!" was all he said, and looking over his shoulder I read the words, "Find out yourself."

## CHAPTER X.

"THAT infernal place," said the Inspector, when we found ourselves in the street again, "is like a rabbit warren. There's any amount of ways out of it, but I know this Yankee, and I shall have him by the heels before twenty-four hours are over." Twenty-four hours, and this was Saturday night. "Once we catch him," the officer went on, "I can put pressure enough upon him to make him split on the Greek. To begin with, he fired at you 'with intent,' as we say, and that will be a good card to play. We'll have him soon, sure enough."

"Hang him!" said Darcy, "I wish now that I'd shot the beggar; and if I'd known that he was going to do me like that, I'd have put a bullet in his leg and stopped his running away."

We had emerged from the side street, and were once more on the quay, when suddenly there came to our ears the sound of a tinkling triangle. Darcy gripped my arm.

"Listen," he said; and even as he spoke there came, borne to us on the soft night wind, the strains of a song that were familiar enough to me. It was the same wild, stirring air that the Greek girl had sung in the streets of Launceston—the same pleading, passionate song that had so thrilled the hearts of the fishing people.

"Zoe! Thank God!" I cried, and rushing on I soon came in sight of a group of men, surrounding the girl whom I was so anxious to see.

"Hold on," said Darcy, "you'll frighten her. She won't know you in this rig out. Let her finish her song, and then say something to her."

And so I waited until the singer had finished and the tambourine came our way; and as I dropped a coin into it I said softly:—

*"Soe mou sas agapo!"*

One wild look she gave me, and then clutched my hand.

"She's found her bloke," said a bystander, as I drew her aside and, in sailor fashion, tucked her arm under mine.

Tired and weary and worn the girl looked when we brought her to the light of a street lamp. And after a long and patient enquiry, carried out for the most part in dumb show, Darcy's sharp little brain found out what she wanted.

"She's looking for a doctor," he said; and as he pronounced the word poor Zoe nodded at us, and kept on repeating "Doctor, doctor;" and when Darcy interrupted her and said "father," her meaning was quite patent to us. She wanted a doctor for her father.

"I know the very man to take with us," said the Inspector. "Doctor Harvey. He's a magistrate, and if we can make the Greek speak out, I'll take down what he says, and it will be as good as a deposition," and with that we started off to the doctor's house, and fortunately finding him at home, put ourselves under Zoe's guidance. She took us through a labyrinth of back streets, and at last entered a narrow court, and pushing open a door, beckoned to us to follow. Up the rickety stairs we passed, right to the top of a building, and there on a squalid couch, and

surrounded by the squalor of poverty, lay the man that we had been hunting for. His left arm was swathed in bandages, and it required no medical knowledge to recognise the fact that he was at Death's door. White and trembling he lay there, and not even our sudden entrance could call up a touch of colour to his pallid cheeks. Darcy's flask was out in a second, and the doctor nodding approval, he poured some brandy down the poor wretch's throat. On the table was a silver spoon, and as the light fell upon it I recognised the crest and the motto, "Salve." Slowly and carefully the doctor unwound the bandages, and when at last the swollen arm and hand lay bare, I could see that the wound which had caused all the mischief had been inflicted on the little finger of the left hand.

"Pyæmia!" said the doctor. "Blood-poisoning! and I don't think he has many hours to live. If you want him to make any statement" (we had told the whole story to the doctor) "you had better get him to make it at once."

Poor Zoe hung over the dying man, kissing his damp forehead, and running her fingers lovingly through his hair, cooing to him the while in their own liquid language, as though she were soothing some restless child. I took her gently by the arm, pointed to her father's wounded hand and to the doctor's instrument case, and so with gentle suasion got her from the room. When the doctor had completed his examination and had rebound the wounded hand, I began my questioning. Barrari could speak English perfectly, but all my pleading and my questions were of no avail, until I mentioned his daughter. With Zoe's name I touched his heart, with Zoe's name I "smote the chord of self, that trembling, passed in music out of sight," and for her sake, and for what we promised to do for her, he told us the history of what had passed on the Bayford cliffs that morning in May. And this is the substance of what he confessed, and what the Inspector took down and the Magistrate signed.

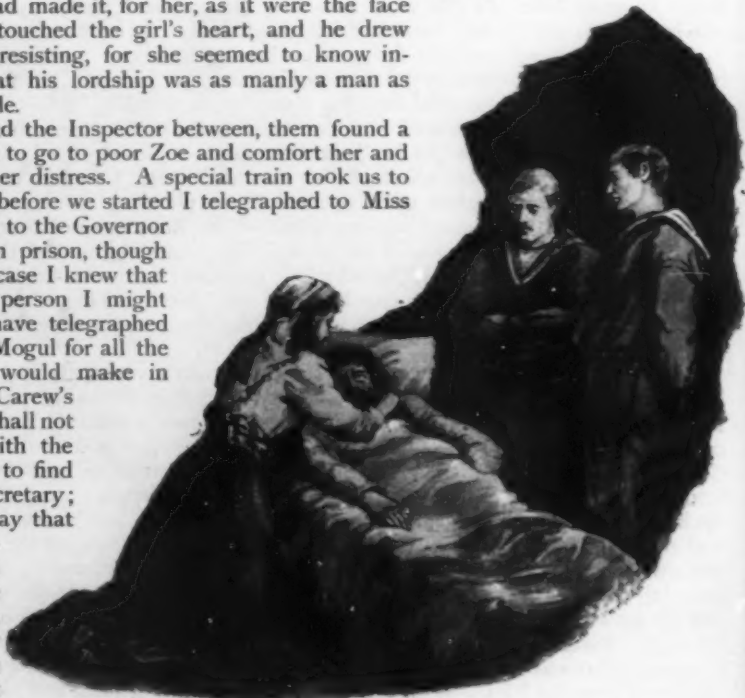
He had shipped as steward on Lord Penrath's yacht, at Southampton, and being detected in some petty thefts, he was told that he would be put ashore at Bayford, and whilst he was still on the yacht he wrote a letter to Zoe telling her to come to him at Bayford, intending to make with her a tour of the towns in Cornwall. He was landed some distance from the village, and fearful lest his lordship should put his threat of prosecution into effect, he hung about until the yacht put to sea, and then coming upon Sanson's boy he got him to buy the cheese and rum, and taking them away with him, he lay down amongst the bracken. He was awakened by the voices of the Baronet and his cousin, and in the light of the dawning morning he saw the exchange of watches. Then the Major went away and left Sir Lawrence standing, just as had been described at the trial, on the edge of the cliff. Barrari took up a stone that lay near at hand, and crept softly towards the man, who was so utterly absorbed in his thoughts that it was a perfectly easy matter to surprise him. With the intention of stunning him, and then plundering him at his leisure, the Greek struck Sir Lawrence with the stone, at the same time wounding the little finger of his own left hand. The blow was more violent than he had intended, and Sir Lawrence fell forwards, and over the cliff. None of the fisher-folk were astir at that early hour, and so Barrari sneaked through the village, and round by the shore to his victim. When he had taken all he could get, the sun had uprisen, and fearful of meeting someone, he had beaten a retreat by way of the shore, but had not gone more than a mile, when looking back, he saw two men come round the point. The little cave was at hand, and Barrari entered it, and while there he wrapped his finger in a piece of the paper in which the bread and cheese had been put up. He watched and waited until the fishermen had gone, and then he made his way over the cliffs by the very same path up which I had clambered, and at the top he dropped the snuff-box that I had found. Then he had gone to Carn Station and so on to Southampton, hoping to catch Zoe before she started. Zoe had gone to meet him, as we afterwards learned, but had been robbed at the station, and had actually wandered all the way to Launceston when I met

her. When she got back to Southampton, Barrari's wound, which had healed, broke out afresh and became serious, and so matters had gone from bad to worse until we came across her again. When the confession was completed, and when with difficulty he had signed it, I brought Zoe back, and it was clear to us all that the Angel of Death was nigh at hand. Barrari's breath came in sobs, his forehead was wet with the sweat of dissolution, his eyes that were fast dimming looked only on the beautiful girl whose tears fell on his face. With a fearful struggle he dragged himself up. It was the last expiring effort, for the next moment he flung his arms out wildly, and falling back, whispered "Zoe! Zoe!" and died!

For a little while we let the girl sob on, and then Darcy touched her. There was a world of loving kindness in his eyes, and the sympathy that had set his face aglow, and had made it, for her, as it were the face of an angel, touched the girl's heart, and he drew her away unresisting, for she seemed to know instinctively that his lordship was as manly a man as God ever made.

Darcy and the Inspector between, them found a motherly soul to go to poor Zoe and comfort her and help her in her distress. A special train took us to London, and before we started I telegraphed to Miss Lenwood and to the Governor of Launceston prison, though in this latter case I knew that as a private person I might just as well have telegraphed to the Great Mogul for all the difference it would make in the staying of Carew's execution. I shall not weary you with the hunt we had to find the Home Secretary; suffice it to say that after journeyings to and fro we came up with him and stated our case, and when everything had been made clear, and a

special messenger had been entrusted with a reprieve, time had drawn perilously close to Monday morning.



"THE ANGEL OF DEATH WAS NIGH AT HAND"

Never shall I forget that ride, for there descended upon the south of England that night a storm of such a terrific nature as put into the shade the wildest tempest cherished in the memory of "the oldest inhabitant," and as we pushed along it grew worse and worse. I rode on the engine, and the driver and stoker, when they heard my story, were to the full as eager as myself to reach Launceston. With an occasional stop here and there, we sped on, now gliding through some well-lit town and now, at full pressure, tearing through lonely little stations, while ever and anon the lightning blazed up, and the country for a second or two stood out as plainly as under the mid-day sun. Darcy and the Home Secretary's messenger had made themselves comfortable in the carriage, but my excitement would have allowed me

no rest, and the wild scenes through which we were passing, and the throb of the engine, more befitted the state of my feelings. We were drawing near the close of our journey—we had but twenty more miles to traverse—and although it was nigh upon six o'clock a murky darkness brooded over the face of Nature and made it impossible to see more than a few yards in advance. All at once there came a terrific flash of lightning. The engine-driver suddenly put on the brake, and looking ahead I saw something across the line. It was a huge elm that had been blown down, and had brought the telegraph wires with it. The next moment the crash came, and after rolling over and over, I picked myself up to find that I had scarcely a scratch on me. I hurried back to the line. The driver lay close to the rails with a broken leg. The stoker was apparently unhurt, and, amid the hissing of the escaping steam, I could hear cries coming from the *débris* of the carriage. It was Darcy who was making the uproar. We pulled him out, but his "right as a trivet" did not deceive me, for I saw that his left arm hung helplessly beside him; but he would not let me examine it until we had released the messenger, to find that he was quite unconscious. The stoker and I bound up the broken limbs as best we could.

"Leave him here alongside me," said the driver, pointing to the messenger, "and do you push on."

"Push on, man!" I shouted; "how can we?"

"Yonder's a farm-house," he said. "You'll get horses there, and you've got more'n two hours to do the twenty miles. Lay him up here close to me, and I'll do the best I can for him until you send somebody; and do you, Charley, run along the line and give warning."

And utterly oblivious of his own pain, the noble fellow bade us hurry up, and away we sped across the fields, I carrying the reprieve which I had taken from the messenger's pocket; and presently, still dazed with excitement, I found myself galloping along the Launceston road with Darcy beside me.

"Don't blow your nag at the start," said he. "We can get a change about ten miles on, and God in heaven help us, for we want help;" and on we went in grim silence, Darcy's horse with its light weight seeming to fly in front of me. "Another mile to finish the ten," he said presently, pointing ahead. "Now bring him along for all he's worth!" and lifting my horse for a last effort, we dashed down the street of M—— and into a stable yard. Our story was soon told. Five minutes, and away we raced again with a wild cheer from the stable hands. On and on, and the mile-stones seemed to come, oh, so slowly! and then at last there was Launceston. Down the dip we raced, and then breasted the little hill; but the strain was telling on me fast, and my horse's breath was coming in sobs. The trees seem to spin round and round, my knees had lost all power to grip the saddle; I gave one despairing shout, and the next moment lay on the soft, wet turf of the wayside. In a second Darcy was beside me.

"Give me the paper," he said.

Through a mist I saw him scramble into his saddle, with the reprieve between his teeth, and not for father or brother could I have lifted a hand to help him; and, mingling with the clatter of his horse's hoofs, came the clang and crash of the church clocks striking eight. "Too late! too late!" I murmured, as I fell back fainting, and that was the last that I knew of the ride that brought the reprieve to Launceston.

## CHAPTER XI.

ON Darcy rode. He had heard the clocks strike, but though the hour had sounded there was no black flag floating over the prison. Right and left the crowd parted when they saw him, and when they knew that he carried a reprieve the men cheered and the women shrieked. And they lifted him from the horse and carried

him, bruised, bleeding, and panting, to the massive door, and while some pulled at the great bell-handle others beat on the woodwork; and when presently the portal swung back, Darcy rushed in waving the paper, and staggering across the yard fell at the feet of the Governor.

And this was how the execution had come to be delayed.

Heavily and wearily had the hours of those long days gone with the condemned man. Sun-up and sun-down were to him but a day's march nearer the awful hour, and all the while he knew that he was innocent. Then on the Saturday there came to him the decision of the Home Secretary that he could not interfere with the course of the law, and, strange to say, no other official communication reached the Governor, either because no message could be sent through the awful storm of that night, or from culpable carelessness. My telegram had come to hand, but of course no action was taken upon it.



One grain of comfort came to Carew on the last Sabbath that in all human probability he was to see. "Before God, Carew," said the Chaplain as he bade him good-night, "I believe you, and I have such faith in Heaven that I feel you will be reprieved." And then as the hours went by there came to the condemned man, not the resignation to fate that is so usual with those in his position, but the stern determination to die fighting. So long as God gave him breath and strength, so long would he



"THE WARDER FELL WITHOUT A GROAN"

struggle, and rising betimes, he spent an hour with the clergyman and then got himself ready for the fray; and when presently the bell began tolling, and the hangman entered the cell, the light of battle was gleaming in his eyes. With one swift thrust he pushed the executioner aside, and before the warders had recovered from their surprise he was at the door. Right and left from those strong arms the blows fell thick and fast. Bare-headed, and with a strength begotten of the knowledge that the law was striving to take that which it had no right to touch, the man fought on. And now they were in the prison yard, and as yet every effort of the officials to

grapple with the desperate man had been unavailing. Creeping slowly along the wall, to which Carew had placed his back, came a sturdy, thick-set warder who had been with the prisoner throughout the greater part of that last week. Unlike the majority of those whose duty it is to watch the condemned, this man had been so callous that his cruel remarks had often cut Carew to the quick. Without seeming to notice him, the Baronet let him get within range, and then suddenly feinting with the left, and so throwing the man off his guard, he drove the right home full on the throat, and at that blow the warder fell without even a groan. And the fight raged on; until above the clamour came the roar of the crowd in the street, and the clang of the bell at the great door. And then in rushed Darcy with the reprieve.

Several weeks passed before Carew came back to "his own," for it had been deemed advisable to take him away for awhile from the scenes amidst which he

had suffered so sorely. The news of his home-coming had, somehow or other, leaked out. In the carriage with him were Ruby Lenwood, Darcy (who still carried his arm in a sling), and myself, and as we rode along I was pleased to hear that Miss Lenwood had taken Zoe under her protection, and was having her trained with a view to making the most of her wonderful voice. When we reached the gates of Lowmoor the tenants were waiting for us, and amongst them—yes, there were Mrs. Flannigan and the widow Gray. In a trice the horses were out, and willing arms were dragging us up the drive. When we came to a halt, and Darcy had dismounted, Mrs. Flannigan made her way to him.

"And so," said she, "your lordship is a raal lord, and me to be takin' ye for a play actor. Arrah, av I'm not takin' too great a liberty, would yer lordship just touch me hand?" And with that the lord and the landlady crossed palms.

"Carew o' Lowmoor!" said the shrill voice of Mrs. Gray, with never a Sir to it, "I hae done ye a great wrang, an' I hae cam' a' this way to tell ye sae. Will ye no forgie me?"

And when at last Sir John had pacified them, and had shaken hands with everyone who could reach him, he walked up the terrace steps with Ruby on his arm. He turned at the top and fronted the throng, and as he stood there, bareheaded, in the light of the afternoon sun, I said to myself that surely there had never been a nobler head of this house than he who is now "Carew of Lowmoor."



"WITH RUBY ON HIS ARM"

THE END.

## *In Praise of Fishing.*

BY THE FIRST HON. SEC. OF THE FLY-FISHERS' CLUB.

**T**HE instinct of the hunter still survives, in one form or another, in most Englishmen, and of all its manifestations the "Angling Mania" is the one best adapted to the present state of our crowded little island. More especially is it suited to such of us as find it necessary to keep our expenditure within moderate bounds. This does not apply to salmon fishing, certainly; that being an amusement better adapted for millionaires, and in which success is uncertain even for them. Leaving salmon out, it may be taken as certain that fishing need not be an expensive amusement. Another strong point in its favour is the fact that an angler can begin his sport earlier in life than even the cricketer, and can continue it 30 or 40 years longer than he; and indeed to a greater age than any sort of outdoor exercise can usually be enjoyed. Its associations are also all in its favour. Fresh air and running streams are its usual accompaniments, and the successful angler must also cultivate early hours and healthy habits.

The noise and the gambling, which are the bane of so many English sports, are absent, and indeed the recreation enjoys so high a repute that our clergy are among its most zealous and successful followers.

It will be convenient to divide the subject into two parts—fly-fishing and other fishing—and to devote a brief space to each.

We will take fly-fishing first; not because it is the more popular,

but because it ought to be, and some day perhaps will be. Until lately it has been associated almost entirely with the capture of trout, and though chub and dace were often taken by the fly-fisher he generally cared little for them, while grayling seldom swam into his ken. Dace have always been fished for with fly on the Thames, and some anglers have been very successful in this way. Yet the state of the tideway in which this amusement is chiefly practised is not attractive either to eye or nose.

Within the last few years it has been found that our ubiquitous old friend, the roach, will, in some rivers, take the fly with great freedom. To give an instance—a run of an hour and a-half, to Peterboro', will bring the London angler not only to the Nen (where there is fair coarse fishing) but within seven miles, by rail, of the Welland, in which the roach can be seen by hundreds, in the summer, basking in the shallows. Here the fly-fisher, if only moderately skilful, can take dozens of good roach in an hour or two,



THE WELLAND—MARKET DEEPING, NEAR PETERBORO'



THE WELLAND—ST. JAMES'S DEEPING, NEAR PETERBORO

trout. March is the best month in a forward season, though I prefer April or May as being pleasanter, in spite of the shyness which by that time has come over the trout. These rivers can be reached in four or five hours by the South Western, and parts of them are open to the stranger for a moderate payment; but it is scarcely worth while to go so far

getting back to town comfortably the same evening if he wishes; though, for my part, I prefer staying either on the spot, "St. James' Deeping," where there is plenty of accommodation, or in Peterboro'. The licence is only 2s. 6d. a week.

To return to our main subject, (for after all the trout is the main object of the fly-fisher's quest), our sport comes into season just as shooting goes out. The earliest rivers are those of Devon and Dorset, and among them all perhaps the Axe and the Otter hold the earliest

unless one has about a week to spare. Axminster and Honiton are two of the best stations.

A little later in the season the Itchen at Winchester is available, but it is a difficult river for a stranger. The charge is usually 5s. a day, at Chalkley's the tackle-shop, and there is a little free fishing also.

On the Lambourne, near Newbury, fishing is to be had at the same rate. Sport can only be depended upon here in the May-fly season (the second week



THE LAMBOURNE, NEAR NEWBURY

in June). "The Swan" is on the spot. The Test, near Stockbridge, is the best trout and grayling river I have ever fished, but it is rarely available at any point to the general public. Chilbolton is the best chance, as the commoners there sometimes permit fishing for payment.

There is trout-fishing to be had at Fairford, on the Gloucestershire Coln, and the cost is not very great; the sport is sometimes good if the angler is skilful. If the angler cares to go further afield he can pay a visit to Dulverton, where the beginner can generally get a few small trout up the moors, even if he finds the fish near the village too well-educated for him. There is plenty of accommodation to be had.

Fishing, both for trout and coarse fish, can be had near Exeter, and also in the neighbourhood of Newton Abbott; and by going a few miles further, to Totnes, the angler will find himself on one of the loveliest trout rivers in England—the Dart. There are numbers of salmon here at some seasons, and they are caught occasionally by the rod fishers, but the nets get the lion's share; and those taken by rod usually fall to the minnow. I remember seeing forty-nine taken at one haul of the net at Totnes weir. They were fish of nine or ten pounds each chiefly. Of course, the further one travels the easier the fishing usually becomes; and on the Cornish moors the tyro will generally get a few small trout on any favourable day. This also applies to the fishing in the Lake District and Scotland, of which I should dearly like to give a description if space permitted.

But we have got too far off and must hark back, especially as a most charming spot, within twenty miles of London, has been left unnoticed.

Through the village of Farningham, between Bromley and Sevenoaks, run the clear and rapid waters of the Darent. Here the angler, by paying 2s. 6d., or by sleeping at the inn which our view represents, can fish for trout a whole summer's day; and even if he catch little or nothing, the time will not be wasted among the lovely Kentish hills.

"The Lion" fishery, as it is called

from the name of the inn at which tickets are issued, usually opens at Easter (somewhat early for the Darent), and at the beginning of the season, especially the first few hours, it is comparatively easy to beguile the trout; consequently, the inn at this date is crowded with ardent anglers, who vie with one another in practising the virtue of early rising on the opening morning. I remember reading a graphic account (from Senior's pen) of the way in which the early dawn seemed to be peopled with creeping shadows, all trying to circumvent one another while paying their attentions to the then unsophisticated trout.

The disadvantage of this early start is that the fish are sometimes scarcely in condition, and the weather is usually far from favourable. Personally, I have had better sport much later in the season, even in July and August, when the trout are frolicsome and fat; and a three-quarter pound fish (a fair size for this water) will endanger your tackle by his desperate jumps. In the spring a man accustomed only to north or west country fishing may do well on the Darent by fishing the rough water; but for summer and autumn it is almost a necessity to keep your fly dry and floating, and to stalk each rising fish as you work your skulking way up stream. It is only in wet or very rough weather that this rule can be modified.

With regard to flies, in bright, calm weather the olive dun and the hare's-ear are generally most effective if carefully fished dry, and in the evenings the sedges are useful, most especially the golden sedge. The coachman is effective, not only in late evening—when he seems natural—but sometimes in bright sunshine. I remember leaving a small one by inadvertence higher up on my line when casting with the orthodox olive (dry) over a rising fish opposite the lawn of "The Lion," and my astonishment at finding the trout had taken the little wet coachman in preference.

In olden times some splendid aldermanic trout could be seen always under the magnificent chestnut tree in the inn garden, and these were occasionally,

though very seldom, taken by first-rate fly-fishers, to whom I metaphorically doff my cap. Nowadays changes in the bed of the stream, made to please the miller, have spoilt the place as a haunt for big fish, and the lawn is shorn of some of its glory, though there are good fish about still.

On coming out of "The Lion" after his early breakfast, it is difficult for the stranger to resist the temptation to try the lawn. He yields, and wastes an hour or more in fruitless efforts to induce the well educated beauties to respond to his inviting line; then he reluctantly winds up and (crest-fallen) directs his steps over the bridge, and round by the school (passing the pic-

trout. Blanks also do happen; but then the angler is permitted to scold the weather.

There are parts of this meadow in which the stream runs more slowly, and which demand careful dry-fly fishing; and here the fish are generally over the half-pound and require often quite a siege before they can be hooked. Mr. Stone, the innkeeper, informs me that the prospects for the coming season are good, as 1,000 yearlings were, in 1893, put into the stream; and here it should be pointed out that the development of fish culture has been of incalculable service in preventing the depletion of our most popular trout streams and in the stocking of lakes.

There are other parts of the Darent on which fishing can be had for payment. At "The Plough," at Eynsford, within a mile up stream, it was customary for any angler who ordered and paid 2s. 6d. for a lunch to be permitted to fish. The fishing is fairly good, though difficult, and the trout are of small size generally; and most of them have to be returned. Any stranger wishing to try the place should write to Mr. Teesdale, of "The

Plough," and ascertain what the terms now are, as changes may be made even in the interval between the writing of this and its publication.

There is a mill near Dunton, not far below Sevenoaks, at which permission could be obtained; and there is a little bit of free water in Shoreham village, but the fishing is poor. It is about three miles up stream from Eynsford. All these stations, except Dunton, are on the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, Farningham Road being nearest for "The Lion" and Eynsford within half-a-mile of "The Plough." If going to "The Lion," an active young fellow will save time by getting out at Swanley Junction and walking the two and a quarter miles, rather than going on to



THE DARENTH AT FARNINGHAM—THE LION HOTEL

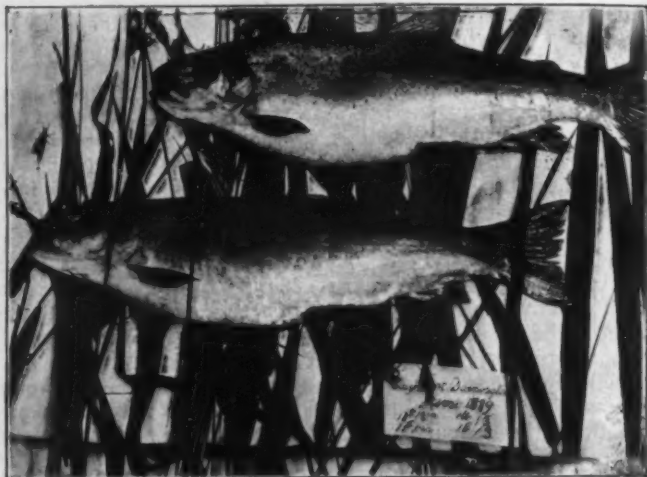
turesque old church) till he finds the other part of "The Lion" water; nearly half-a-mile down stream. Here there is a pretty rippling bend, shadowed by willows and full of charming corners and eddies, in which lurk lovely trout, waiting for their prey, and ready to become the spoil of the persevering angler; for in the rough water patience and persistence will usually be rewarded, even if the skill be small. About half the fish taken in this way will be, on the average, under the ten-inch limit, and must be carefully returned; indeed, from a little bit of water like this the angler should be satisfied with two or three brace of sizeable fish even on a favourable day; and there are times when the average fisherman must be contented with a single

Farningham Road which is but half-a-mile nearer. Dunt-on is on the South Eastern; and the trains will probably be even more inconvenient than those to (and especially from) Eynsford; which is saying much!

The trout-fishing with fly near town has now been sufficiently dealt with, as the only other rivers on which fly-fishing for trout is of much use are the Wandle, the Chess, and the Ver, all of which are very strictly preserved, except in small and not very fishful portions—but the Darenth and "The Lion" have had the lion's share, and we must turn to the other part of our subject.

To begin frankly at the beginning, there is no doubt that the Lea at Tottenham is the nearest fishing worth serious consideration. It is but five miles from Liverpool Street, and the angler getting out at old Tottenham Station (on the Broxbourne and main line) will find himself within five minutes' walk of the "Ferry Boat," and close to the scene of some of the first chapters of the inimitable "Complete Angler." Isaac Walton used to walk, I believe, from his shop and residence in Fleet Street down to Tottenham, then a quiet country village, and how we poor latter-day anglers must envy him his sport and surroundings and his interviews with unsophisticated trout and milkmaids. With what triumph would a modern angler bring in one of his despised "chevin" or chub!

For a city man Tottenham is the handiest fishery that could well be conceived; but expectations of sport must not be raised very high, even when the trophies enshrined in their glass cases at the inn have been duly admired. The carp of 13 lbs. 13 ozs. is the leading



TROUT CAUGHT IN THE LAMBOURNE, EACH WEIGHING 1 LB. 1 OZ.

article, and there are some fine bream, roach and jack; and in the bar parlour, wonderful to say, a trout of 1¼ lbs., caught in the fishery some six or eight years ago. This fish must have been one of the numerous trout babies which were hatched in my back kitchen, and placed in the fishery by Mr. Day, the proprietor. Several others have also been taken, and the angler who fly-fishes for dace in the pretty stream in the lower part of this fishery, may please himself with the idea that he may hook a trout. Such things do happen.

I paid a visit to this fishery a short time ago to renew my remembrance of its once familiar face. I found the neighbourhood changed indeed, tall factory chimneys having sprung up all round. The stream itself is unaltered, and seems to have suffered little from pollution. Just as I arrived, Searle, the keeper, emerged, ready to start on his rounds, so I went with him to learn what I could of the present state of my old haunt. Naturally, he gave me a glowing account of the sport still to be had. Allowing for exaggeration, the water really seems worth visiting by those whose time is very limited. The skilful roach fisher can still get a fair number of smallish fish; and jack are plentiful, though not large. On a previous visit, not long ago, I saw one

taken and returned. We saw here a veteran fly-fisher who takes many a good dace in the season. Later on we met an old angler well known to me and he confirmed the reports.

The cost of a season ticket for jack fishing here is £1 1s., and for all other fishing 10s. 6d. It is 1s. a day, or 2s. for jack; and, to the old angler, well worth it.

The beginner might do well to come here just once to see how many fish there may be which will take no notice of him! One reason of this is that the water, in ordinary weather, is very clear, and the

also he may chance to get a good trout, while spinning, as there are more trout at Broxbourne probably than at any other open water of the Lea. I can remember getting one there, many years ago; and some are had regularly every year. The late Charles Bradlaugh (well I remember his burly form) made Broxbourne his special resort for spinning, and has had many a good trout from the river, and bream from Carthagen weir. Small perch were very plentiful in some parts of this fishery.

There is fair roach fishing sometimes at Rye House and St. Margarets; but



ON THE BURE—A FAVOURITE PITCH

education of the Tottenham baby fish is therefore well illustrated by object lessons of "villainous two tailed beings scrambling awkwardly along out of the water," as doubtless continually pointed out by the wise old carp and bream to their little pupils.

There are plenty of other fishing stations all up the Lea, from here to Ware and Hertford. At many of these fishing can be had for 1s. a day, or £1 1s. a year; and of them Broxbourne is, perhaps, the most attractive. Here the angler will be made thoroughly comfortable at "The Crown," and every assistance will be given him in his efforts to deceive the wary roach, or the capricious pike. Here

the best (which is very good) is in private hands. I have had some good chub from that part of the Lea and also at Waltham Abbey, a little nearer to town. The best fishing at this station and at Ordnance Factory belongs to Government, and leave is difficult to obtain. At Cheshunt some fair fishing can be had for a small fee.

Ponders End water contains roach and barbel, and, to the skilled hand, yields occasionally good baskets. "The Pike and Anchor" is the inn. Between here and Tottenham are two or three fisheries, at which, I believe, day tickets are still issued. The fish are not very plentiful now in comparison with old

times, when I can remember often getting a dozen roach in an hour's fishing, and dace, with fly, at the same rate, also occasionally a two-pound chub. The barbel used to be very trying to the modest single-hair roach fisher, often breaking his line. Nowadays gut is made so fine and smooth that many use it even for roach, and have the advantage of securing barbel or bream if they chance to bite.

Near Chingford Mill, which is on an arm of the Lea, not far from Angel Road Station, there used to be capital roach and dace fishing, with occasional barbel and chub; and the picturesque old mill was a favourite resort of mine, and had a charm like that attributed by George Eliot to Dorlcote Mill, in "The Mill on the Floss." All is changed now, I know; but the river and the fish, or some of them, remain, and the present miller may be as liberal in giving leave as was his predecessor, who represented to me then all the romance so inseparably connected with water-mills and their inhabitants and surroundings, dear to poets and painters.

To return to practical matters (though an angler destitute of romance is but half a man), I advise the Lea fisher to begin by trying Tottenham, and then to experiment at Angel Road, Ponders End, Cheshunt, Waltham Abbey, Broxbourne, Rye House, Ware and Hertford.

Among the other rivers within easy reach of London are the Colne, the Mole, the Roding and the Ravensbourne. The first of these holds a few fine trout, seldom taken with fly, and some very

heavy roach, and one of its late inhabitants is now before me in its glass case. It weighed nearly two pounds, and was taken with single hair. West Drayton is the station to go to, and 2s. or 2s. 6d. used to be charged for a day's fishing, and this included the fly fishing for dace. Much of the water is, I think, now reserved for a club. Other parts of the Colne can be fished by anglers willing to join a club. St. Albans is a good centre for this purpose; the river runs within a mile or two, and the Ver, which is quite close to the town, can be fished in one place, and used to hold a few trout and dace.



ON THE WEY, NEAR GUILDFORD

The Mole runs into the Thames at Molesey, and is navigable for boats for some distance up. The parts of it with which I was familiar are near Dorking, and here it is a slow and rather muddy stream, holding plenty of good bream—only to be had in early morning—and some capital chub, which took my fly readily. The place was called Castle Mill, and the miller charged 1s. a day, and supplied minnows for perch fishing for a trifle. The perch which I saw taken were not large. There are many other parts of the Mole at which similar accommodation can be had; but this I know only from hearsay.

The Thames is such a very extensive and hackneyed subject that I do not

propose to tackle it. Books and maps are published, dealing exclusively with this river, in such number and variety that any addition would be superfluous. The Ouse, near St. Neots, is good for bream, roach and chub. It is deep and slow except in the mill races. At St. Neots there is plenty of accommodation. I found the Half Moon Hotel very convenient, as it is on the river. Of the lakes and fisheries available to Londoners first comes undoubtedly—

#### THE WELSH HARP.

This large reservoir, which supplies most of the North-Western district with water, looks more like a natural lake than an artificial sheet of water. It is very irregular in shape and is almost surrounded by low hills. Its proper name is Kingsbury Reservoir, but to the true cockney it is known only as the "Arp at 'Endon."

There are two stations within a few minutes walk, Hendon and the Welsh Harp, and it can be reached from Moorgate Street or St. Pancras in about half-an-hour.

The fishing tickets are issued by Mr. John Warner, of the Old Welsh Harp, and the charge is 1s. a day for roach, &c.; for jack it is 2s. 6d. The season tickets are £1 1s., and another £1 1s. is charged for permission to keep a punt on the water. The lake, when fairly full, covers some hundreds of acres, and it is about a mile long by nearly a quarter of a mile broad in its widest part. It is generally shallow, especially near the edge, and a very long rod is most desirable. The water is rather thick, so that fish are seldom visible. This is rather an advantage to the beginner, as the precautions to keep out of sight, so essential in Lea fishing, are here quite unnecessary. The chief fish are jack, bream and roach. There are plenty of perch also which will amuse the beginner. The old hand cares little for these, as they are generally very small. He will fish patiently for hours for the big bream, which lie far out, contented if now and then he may have a bite, and get, perhaps, two or three good bream in a day. The small bream are sometimes very easily caught

in the shallower parts of the lake. I remember getting, with the help of a friend, something like 100 in the course of an afternoon, these were taken with paste.

The jack-fishing is uncertain to a degree not experienced in rivers, the fish declining to feed for days, and then coming on ravenously and being caught almost by the dozen. They run from 1lb. to 4 or 5lbs, with occasionally a much larger fish. I have seen several taken lately, and they seem to have a way of running in towards the angler, which is disconcerting.

The roach fishing is generally best at the further end of the lake, over the gravel pits, and the water is here somewhat purer also. The roach are not often large,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. being a good fish, the bait used is paste or gentles, and fine gut is better than hair because of the chance of a big bream.

Anglers who like quiet should avoid the "Arp" on Saturdays and Mondays, unless they mean to fish at the further end of the water. Then they can be quiet enough, for so extensive is it that I've seen a swimming match going on at one end while the anglers were quietly fishing at the other. It is curious that, while writing this, I have received a letter from Mr. Warner as to the prospects of sport in the coming season.

He says, among other things, that "the heavy floods have contributed largely to the stock, as the weir broke at Mill Hill and a very large quantity of trout were carried here by the flood."

If these trout were to rise as the Loch Leven ones do, it would be a capital thing for fly-fishers, but I expect most of them will be had by the anglers for perch or jack, or by the jack themselves.

Enough of Hendon. If the angler cares to go five or six miles further on the same line he will come to Elstree, a smaller reservoir, which can be fished on the same terms. The neighbourhood is quieter and the water purer here; of the fishing I can say but little. There is also a good reservoir at Ruislip, near Pinner. Roach, jack, and tench are the chief fish.

In a south westerly direction there

is a pretty lake where fair fishing can be had on similar terms to those at the "Harp." Wimbledon Park, on the District line, is the best station, being within half-a-mile or less. The fish are jack and roach, with a few large carp, and some dace which will take the fly.

There is a small reservoir at Norwood, but the charge of 2s. 6d. is high, the jack being small and also the roach.

In olden times the docks were full of fish, and even now the timber basins at Rotherhithe can, I believe, be fished with some success for a small charge. The surroundings here are much against thorough enjoyment, and the same must be said of a lake in Essex, much resorted to by East-enders. This was formed many years ago, by an overflow of the Thames, and still retains the name of Dagenham Breach. It is between Barking and Rainham, and can be fished for a small payment. Its chief fish are bream and roach, and a number of eels are sometimes taken. For success with the bream it seems to be necessary to begin at daybreak, and many of the anglers go down late at night and camp out on the banks. As these are rather marshy, it is a plan not to be recommended to any anglers but those in robust health.

There are some reservoirs close to the Tottenham fishing which contain some good fish. They belong to the East London Water Co., and leave can sometimes be had.

Space will not permit detailed accounts of all the rivers and lakes in which our island is so rich; but mention must be made of the tendency now being shown by the corporations of towns (such as Northampton, for instance) to combine with their important duty of providing a water supply, the less pressing one of helping their fellow townsmen in their recreations, especially in fishing. So successful has Northampton been that the anglers gladly pay fees which render the fishing a source of revenue instead of an expense. Trout of 5 or 6 lbs. are often taken in the Northampton reservoir, and anglers are glad to come from London, and pay 5s. a day, for a chance at the Northampton trout. It must be noted that a stranger must be accompanied by a resident or he will not be allowed to fish, at any price, and also that good tackle is essential.

The last new thing in tanks is Thirlmere, to which, as it happens, I paid a brief visit a few months ago. It is a beautiful lake near Keswick, and will, perhaps, be a capital fishery, if the



CANTLEY ON THE YARE—THE RED HOUSE

Manchester Corporation are as liberal in their ideas of fish culture as they are in the matter of water supply. There are many trout in the little river running out of the lake, through St. John's Valley; and the water is remarkably pure, even in the wettest weather—after sixteen hours heavy rain I have known it barely coloured; in fact, it yielded very good sport with the fly. The lake is at present better stocked with pike than trout.

I am aware that there are many other fisheries within reach; but this does not pretend to be an exhaustive account of all the fishing near town, which would take more space than is available. Of the rivers and broads of Norfolk brief mention only can here be made; though I have been familiar with them for many years. Norwich is a good centre for these, and of all the broads Wroxham is the one I prefer, though there may be better. A charge of 2s. 6d. a boat, whether containing one angler or a number, is here made for the fishing on the broad. The river Bure is free, and, for roach, is better than the broad. The Yare is good from Norwich to Reedham, and, perhaps, best at Cantley. I can remember getting about half-a-hundred-weight of bream there one day, years ago, and that the "Red House," in spite of the noisy barges, was fairly comfortable. The river is deep, and the tide sometimes strong, so that it is hard work to get the rypecks fixed and the boat in place.

But enough of reminiscences. There is one matter that must be touched upon before any adequate idea can be formed by the general public of the hold that the amusement has taken on the mass of Englishmen, and that is the enormous increase of late years in the number of Fishing Clubs. They now exist almost by hundreds near London, and in vast numbers all over the country. Most of these are associations of working men, who pay a few shillings a year to keep up a club-room in which meetings are held every week, and at which fish can be weighed in.

Besides these democratic clubs there are others, both in London and other large towns, intended for a different class

of anglers. The oldest of these is the Piscatorial, a club which holds fisheries for the benefit of its members, and charges a considerable subscription. The Gresham is a similar club, and the Fly-Fishers is another, slightly different, as its name implies. It was founded ten years ago by Mr. Senior (angling editor of the *Field*), Mr. R. B. Marston, the publisher, and a few other gentlemen, and has flourished much, having a roll of 300 members, among whom were many well-known names, such as the late Francis Francis, Cholmondeley Pennell, Mr. Jardine, the late Mr. Thomas Andrews, the fish culturist; Lord Breadalbane, Mr. Halford, the dry-fly authority; Mr. C. H. Cook, who writes as John Bickerdyke, William Black, the novelist, W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., &c. I met some of these at the preliminary meeting in December, 1884; and some again at the dinner held at the "Holborn" last Christmas (under Mr. Cook's presidency), the attendance at which, about 200, goes far to prove the popularity of the sport.

The Fly-Fishers Club does not encourage competition among its members; being a social club only. Neither has it, at present, rented any water, though its balance at Coutts' should enable it to do so before long. Its rooms are in the Arundel Hotel on the Thames Embankment. It has a great many country members; and for these the subscription is only one guinea.

There is a flourishing club at Manchester which has published some charming papers, and there is also a most successful association in Yorkshire, of which Mr. T. E. Pritt is the main-spring. The Stour, at Canterbury, is also preserved by a powerful association.

In conclusion, I have only to add that for anyone who is hesitating as to what amusement to take up, fishing is, in the absence of special activity or strength fitting a man to shine in such sports as cricket or tennis, a most desirable recreation, free as it is from most of the objections inseparable from other outdoor pursuits, and combining in itself so many of their attractions.

J. PAUL TAYLOR.







THE ladies had long left the table, but the gentlemen still lingered over their wine this warm June evening.

They were silent: no one felt inclined to talk; even the grey-haired Colonel forgot to crack his time-worn jokes, and to repeat his story of how he led the charge at. — “By Gad, sir.”

The women's soft laughter stole in through the open French window, and presently their hostess, Mrs. Tyrrel, a handsome old lady, appeared at the step to say that “coffee was cooling, and that they had much better come outside and enjoy the fine evening, than poison themselves with that *nasty* tobacco.”

All with one consent rose and followed her, and soon the terrace in front of the old-fashioned manor-house was alive with voices and music; while the setting sun turned to silver the white heads of Marmaduke Tyrrel and his wife.

They were a hale, handsome pair; youthful still, in spite of advancing years; a regular Darby and Joan, descending the hill of life together, with trust in the future and tender recollections of the past.

Their only child, young Walter, was greatly attached to his father's pretty ward, Kitty Lee, an arrangement very pleasing to the old people. Kitty coquetted demurely with her admirer, and refused to give a decided answer; but all looked upon the engagement as settled, none more so than this wayward young woman; but she preferred to keep Walter in a state of uncertainty, knowing, woman-like, that the uncertainty of possessing heightens the value of the jewel.

“Oh, Mr. Tyrrel,” said little Miss Marsden, a stranger to the place, “what is the subject of that large picture in the dining-room?”

“That,” said the old gentleman, “is a portrait of my black butler, Tim, and ‘The Great Nugget,’ as I call it.”

“The Great Nugget,” repeated Miss Marsden; “that sounds interesting. I'm sure there is a story attached to it. Do tell me, Mr. Tyrrel. I love an exciting tale of any kind.”

“Yes, do tell us,” chorussed the others, one or two of whom had heard the story before, but were willing to hear it again.

Mr. Tyrrel smiled with a little gratified pride, and drawing his chair closer to his wife's, with an introductory cough, began.

“It is nearly five-and-thirty years ago that I, a penniless lad, had the audacity to propose to pretty Lilla Breamish; my love for her was my excuse, and to my astonishment she accepted me. Not so her father: the fact that I loved Lilla devotedly did not make me eligible in his eyes. Lilla, too, was an heiress, and her father had higher aspirations for his daughter than the younger son of a poverty-stricken baronet.

“So, although Lilla and I vowed to be faithful, Mr. Breamish refused his consent, putting a very tangible obstacle in our way.

“‘Unless you can present yourself before me with *five thousand pounds*—the same sum that I give Lilla on her wedding-day—she will never become wife of yours.’

“*Five thousand pounds!* Was the man mad? No, he was very sane, for he knew he had put a very effectual barrier be-

tween us. So we parted, and I felt that life was not worth living without Lilla. I was young, then, you see, and foolish.

"It seemed a terrible sum to me in those days. I had not one hundred to call my own, and where was I to get the larger sum?"

"Well, I left Breamish Hall, and, reaching London, determined to work my fingers to the bone to win my beautiful love. First of all, I went to consult my old school-chum, Frank Woods, whom I found, like myself, in the depths of despair.

"Frank was a briefless barrister, and employed his spare time writing short

quire is our passage money and a little to start with—the rest is easy.' Was it!

"His daring proposal took my breath away. In those days it was a serious matter to start off to the other end of the world—an undertaking to be well thought out beforehand. We did not fly off as you young fellows are so fond of doing nowadays, for six months' shooting or so; no, it was a matter for great and serious deliberation.

"I must consult the home people first,' I said.

"As you like,' replied Frank, 'but the boat sails in ten days, so you'll have to decide soon.'

"The upshot of it all was that when the boat sailed Frank did not go alone.

"We were hopeful and determined

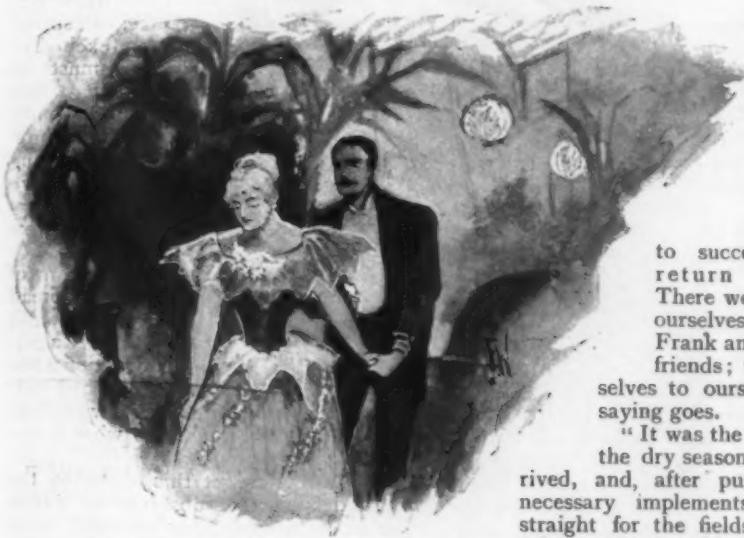
to succeed, and to return millionaires. There were many like ourselves on board, but Frank and I made few friends; we kept our-

selves to ourselves, as the saying goes.

"It was the beginning of the dry season when we arrived, and, after purchasing the necessary implements, we made straight for the fields. With our joint savings, we bought a half-worked claim, and began in real earnest.

"It was a hard, rough life, and ere long we found the gilt rubbed off the gingerbread, and that stern reality is very different to sweet ideality. Our luck was terrible. Nothing ever turned up, work as we might. Fortune hid her face from us in the sulks, and starvation stood at the door, an unwelcome guest; but we stayed on, hoping things would turn for the better, and every night found us a little worse than before, and at last we began to think of moving and trying our luck somewhere else.

"Look here,' said Frank, one morning, 'this is the climax. If nothing is found to-day we'll leave this d—d hole of a



"HAD THE AUDACITY TO PROPOSE"

articles and stories, which, however, were invariably returned, so that his funds were getting very low.

"Well,' he remarked, after listening to an exhaustive account of my woes, 'I'll tell you my plans; I'm just about sick of this place, and I've made up my mind. I've thought about it for some long time, but the truth is, I'm off to the gold-fields.'

"The gold-fields,' I echoed, in great amazement.

"Just so,' he replied; 'and I think you cannot do better, Duke, than to come with me. We'll have plenty to do, and the life will be much more exciting than suffocating in dirty London; all we re-

place and try the river.'

"'Right you are,' I replied, busily darning a huge hole in my stocking; and a few minutes later, we were in our usual places, hard at work.

"Dinner time came; we had found nothing, and were tired and desperately hungry.

"The man who sold us this claim was a scoundrel,' I said as I shouldered my pick, after a scanty meal of dry biscuits and cold tea.

"He was,' swore Frank. 'I'd like to wring his dirty neck for him,' he muttered savagely.

"This time we decided to work in opposite directions instead of together; 'single harness for a change,' said Frank grimly.

"For some time I plodded on, but never a glint of gold did I see, and at last, in a fit of angry desperation, I flung my pick from me, telling it to go to the devil. And what happened, I always maintain was the devil's own luck. It went deeply into the earth and stuck fast; I tried to extricate it, and, after a good deal of pulling, it came away with something sticking to the end.

"It was yellow! With feverish haste, I dug and scraped until the precious metal was unearthed, and then, finding it too great to move unaided, I went in search of Frank, whom I found sitting weary and disheartened.

"My face must have betrayed me, for he sprang to his feet, asking in an excited whisper, 'Have you found something?'

"I nodded, and, hastening back, with our united efforts, we succeeded in upheaving one of the largest nuggets I have



"WITH FEVERISH HASTE, I DUG AND SCRAPED."

ever seen. When it lay before us we could not speak for joy, but clasped hands silently over it; for it was as much Frank's as mine, although I had discovered it, for we had made a compact that whatever was found was to be shared equally between us.

"Come on. Duke,' whispered Frank excitedly; 'there must be more lying where this comes from; so, fatigue, hunger, everything forgotten, we worked like niggers until it grew dark.

"The news of our luck spread like wildfire, and we received a perfect ovation when we reached our

huts. The chums sympathised with, and congratulated us; they knew what it was to find a nugget.

"We'd better get this down to the coast and bank it,' I observed to Frank when we were alone; 'or else we'll have no peace. I've noticed a very shady lot of men hanging about, and I don't feel too easy when I think of all this gold being unprotected.'

"Oh, it's all right,' replied Frank, easily; 'we can't leave yet. Get a Kaffir; we can afford a servant now; he'll cook and look after the hut while we are at work.'

"Rather unwillingly, I agreed, and so Tim was hired to be cook and general factotum. He was the quickest and most willing black I ever knew. He became devoted to me; there was nothing, I believe, he would not have done had I bidden him to. He was a small, wizened-up creature, but very wiry and capable of any amount of exertion and endurance.

"Day after day we toiled at our

diggings, with varying luck: sometimes much; often nothing at all. I began to hunger for home. Lilla had written to me once, and I longed for a glimpse of her fair face; and had made up my mind to speak to Frank upon the feasibility of our return, when, much to my surprise, that individual broached the subject himself.

"For some days I noticed that he was more silent and moody than usual, but I had not thought much about it, as Frank was a creature of moods, and I was considerably and agreeably astonished when he informed me he was sick of the place, and saw no reason why we should not return. I joyfully agreed, and we set to work to arrange our affairs, and sold our claim for a very good sum. Tim begged to be taken with us: Frank said no; he distrusted the blacks; but I was loth to leave the faithful fellow behind, so it was arranged that Tim should come with us.

"We kept our departure as close a secret as possible, intending to start whenever the moon was up; but of course it leaked out, and our hut was besieged with callers to bid us farewell, and wish us prosperity on our journey.

"As we sat at our last solitary supper, Tim entered with a troubled face.

"What is it, Tim?" I asked, seeing he hesitated.

"Massa, go not dis night. Not safe. Tim knows. Black Bob, Devil Jim an' Long Sandy (three of the most villainous cut-throats at the diggings), hab gone same way massa goes. Massa go 'noder way, all safer."

"Nonsense," said Frank roughly, "you

are such a coward, Tim. It means twice as long going the round way, and what is there to fear? Stay behind if you are afraid."

"There is sense in Tim's warning," I remarked. "Those men know we are taking money down, and they are rogues who stick at nothing. The other road may be longer, but it is undoubtedly safer."

"Bosh!" said Frank, "it's all right. Here, you looney," to Tim; "get the horses ready; we shall start in half an hour."

"The moon was up when we set out on our journey.

It was a glorious night. We rode on steadily for some hours, exchanging a word occasionally, and relieving each other of the heavy bag of gold. It was Tim's turn to carry it, and I had just handed it over to him, when, without warning (we were just about to ford a stream), a band of horsemen galloped towards us, pistols raised, shouting, 'Bail up! or you are dead men.'

"Crash! a bullet from my revolver

founded the foremost villain's horse, but at the same time I felt a stinging sensation in my right arm, and the weapon fell from my nerveless fingers. I was helpless, at the man's mercy; he raised his pistol to fire, when, with an instinct of self-preservation, I swerved my horse, and the shot passed harmlessly over my head. Before he had time to aim again, I set spurs to my horse and bore full down on him. There was a cry, a fall, and Long Sandy had gone to his last account.

"Freed from my assailant, I had leisure to look after Frank. One wretch lay groaning on the ground; the others, seeing



"IT WAS MY POOR BLACK, TIM."

the fate of their comrades, fled. But where was Tim? He was gone. We shouted, 'coo-ee' for him, hunted up and down stream, but there was no sign of him to be found.

"There is no doubt that he was in the plot," swore Frank savagely; 'he made off while the others were peppering us. So much for your taking Tim.'

"I said nothing. In my heart I believed Tim innocent; but it was of no use saying this to Frank. If once he took an idea into his head, he stuck to it. Besides, the pain in my broken arm was making me feel sick and faint, and I should need all my strength to reach Natal. If Frank had only listened to Tim, and taken the other road, this would never have happened.

"We rode on, and ever on; I don't remember much of the journey. It was with the greatest difficulty I kept my seat: sometimes I think I was delirious. Frank said nothing, but he told me afterwards that it was the most anxious time he ever had; between ourselves, I think he deserved it.

"At last, one morning, weary, haggard and worn, we rode into Natal. I was helped off my horse, and fainted dead away, and did not recover consciousness until nearly a week after, when I awoke (to find myself in a hospital ward) from a pretty severe attack of brain fever.

"But I made a rapid re-

covery, and was soon able to get about with Frank's help. Then I began riding again, and with that and the rest, I soon picked up my strength. But where was Tim? Nothing had been heard or seen of him since that fatal night. The police had been out to find him, but their efforts were unsuccessful, and Tim was still among the missing.

"So here we were, stranded in Natal, just as rich as when we left. I wrote to Lilla, telling her of our misfortune, offering to release her from her promise, as we were to return to the diggings as soon as I was fit for work, and it might be years before I could make enough to go home with: such luck as we had comes rarely twice.

"But it was to be otherwise. We—Frank and I—were returning from a walk

outside the town, when a curious, huddled-up object, lying by the wayside, attracted my attention. I pointed it out to Frank, but he glanced at it indifferently, remarking, 'A drunken Kaffir, probably,' and walked on.

"Something, I can't explain what it was, made me go up to that heap and examine it. It was, as Frank said, a Kaffir, but whether dead or drunk I could not tell. I turned him over, and the sight of a heavy leathern bag firmly clutched in his wasted hand made me start. I looked at him closer. Yes, it was; it was my poor black, Tim.



"SHE WOULD FIND HIS PRESENT IN THE DINING-ROOM."

Worn to a skeleton, bleeding from wounds and scratches, but with the precious bag intact, he had dropped exhausted almost at his journey's end.

"Shouting to Frank, who hurried up, we picked up and carried the poor fellow into the town, and had his wounds seen to at once. It was many days ere Tim could give a coherent account of his wanderings, though in his delirium he lived them over again.

"Before we were attacked, I gave the bag to Tim, who, being unarmed, thought it wiser to withdraw from the fight and join us further on. Unfortunately, his horse took fright and ran away, and when Tim was able to pull up, we were nowhere in sight. He wandered about, looking for us, getting more and more out of the track. The horse foundered, and he began his travels on foot, journeying mostly by night, trusting to the stars for guidance. How he ever reached Natal alive is a mystery to me. For days he had nothing to eat; an ordinary man would have succumbed long before he did. As it was, he was just at death's door when I found him.

"Frank owned up that he had judged Tim unjustly, and offered generously to give him a lump sum out of his share, but that I would not consent to; Tim was my servant, and I would look after him. We lost no time in changing the great nugget into portable gold, and before it was sold, I had Tim and it photographed, from which the picture was painted.

"We found that our shares came to something over £6,000 each, and we were more than satisfied. 'With this,' said

Frank, as we stood on the deck of a homeward bound vessel, 'I shall return to the bar and make my fortune,' which he subsequently did, and is a very rich man today.

"As for me, I went home directly I landed, and, with Tim to tell his adventures, astonished and delighted the family for many a night. I did not tell Lilla I was in England, and as soon as I could, I went down to her father's house. How the old man stared when I told my tale; and how he gasped when, before his eyes, I showed him the Bank receipt for six thousand pounds. He had no objections to raise now. 'Stay the night with us,' he said; 'to-morrow is Lilla's twenty-first birthday; you are a present worth receiving.'

"So on the morrow, when Lilla came down to breakfast, her father, meeting her in the hall, told her she would find his present in the dining-room.

"What more need there be said. We married soon after, and lived in a pretty little cottage until, at Mr. Breamish's death, we came here. The cottage and grounds are for my son and his wife."

The old man ceased; then a

chorus of thanks broke out, in the midst of which Mrs. Tyrrel remarked that it was growing cold, and that it was time to go in. Through the open window they trooped into the drawing-room, and soon the sounds of music floated out on the evening air. But on the terrace Marmaduke Tyrrel took his wife in his arms and kissed her, as in the old days when he was courting: they were lovers always.



THEY WERE LOVERS ALWAYS.

# Curious Ornaments.

BY DAYRELL TRELAWNEY.

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**T**HROUGHOUT endless ages the most skilful, minute, and perfect work has, by the gold and silversmiths of every nation, been devoted to the manufacture of personal ornaments. From mountain, valley, and river, gems have been gathered by eager hands, from east and west, north and south, far as the poles asunder, come the jewels which are set side by side in a single ring or bracelet. Encircling the delicate blue of the Arabian turquoise are the flashing lights of diamonds from the plains of Brazil, or the mines of Golconda; beside the ocean shades of the pearl, which had its birth-place beneath the fathomless sea, leaps up the fiery splendour of the orient's ruby. When the exquisite contrast of every tint in the prism is blended cunningly by able hands, and this mass of colour is further enhanced by its settings of graceful form and precious material, it is hardly to be wondered at that jewellery has throughout the ages past, and down to our own time, exerted a powerful and lasting fascination over man and womankind.

The history of precious stones of great value is a most attractive theme, and for that very reason has been often dealt with. The Koh-i-noor, which became the Queen's property on the annexation of the Punjab; the Doriainoor, seized at the taking of Delhi in 1739; the famous Orleans diamond (weighing 136 carats); the ruby, the size of a small hen's egg, and the diamond bought by the Empress Catherine for nearly £100,000, both now forming part of the Russian regalia; all these world-renowned gems and many other marvellous stones are known to the general reader. But there are innumerable jewels not less interesting that command admiration, if not for their size and value, at all events for the unique grace of their settings. Others, ornaments too, are attractive by reason of their associations, or on account of their peculiar and sometimes outlandish designs; or again, because of the strange choice of material destined in the eyes of the maker alone to produce an ornamental effect. It is of these more curious pieces of jewellery that I am about to treat in this article.

No workmanship of modern time has ever surpassed, or even equalled, that of the Greeks. Their delicacy of artistic perception was immense. Phidias in his perfect statues, composed chiefly of gold, wrought the precious metal with a talent that was unequalled in his day, throwing over his beautiful figure of the Parthenos a filmy mesh of beaten gold drapery that could be removed at will. Speaking generally, it may be said that jewels formed no important feature in the goldsmith's

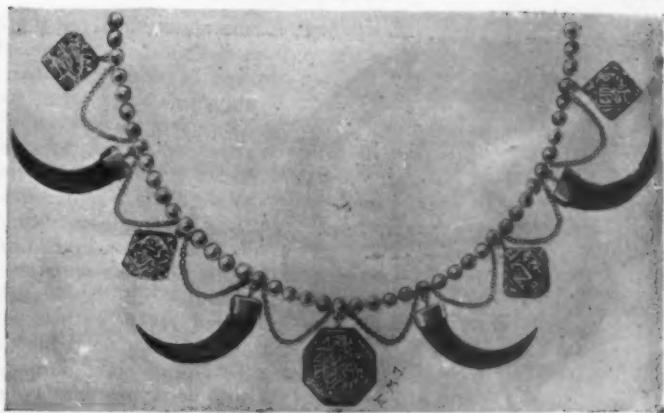


GOLD COINS STRUCK DURING THE SIEGE OF DELHI



RARE INDIAN COINS MADE UP AS SLEEVE-LINKS

art, whether Greek, Roman or Etruscan. Coloured glass was even occasionally used. It was not until art was on the decline that precious stones found their way to Rome, and doubtless their advent hastened the decay of the goldsmith's handicrafts. For instead of the endless and minute toil of fashioning ornaments of beaten or graven gold, the easily procured effect of brilliant stones was a welcome change. These stones, including the amethyst, carnelian, onyx, sardonyx, &c., when not engraved, were simply polished and set *en cabochon*, as the French call it.



EAGLE'S CLAW NECKLET

The Byzantines used "niello," a mixture of silver, lead, sulphur and copper, having the appearance of black enamel. From the 4th century, enamel (which is nothing else than silicate, or glass) has been largely and effectively used both in Western Europe, and by Cellini and his pupils, who brought it to great perfection.

One of the most perfect enamels is that made at Pertabghur, in India. It has the appearance of large clear emeralds cut in flat surfaces, on which are inlaid delicate figures of graven gold. These enamels are made at only one place in India, and two or three families are said to possess the secret of their manufacture. I have a fine specimen in my possession, but unfortunately the beauty of the colour, a perfect emerald green, cannot be given in an illustration.

Enamels form a very considerable item in the decorative art of India, while in common with the Greeks, the goldsmiths of India employed crystals and other stones of nominal value to give touches of necessary colour to their artistic designs.

Next we come to a curious pair of sleeve-links made from four coins. During the siege of Delhi a certain number of coins were struck from gold plate. This was also done by many Cavaliers during the last years of King Charles I., and some very fine specimens (easily recognisable, among other tests, by the fact that the design appears on one side only) are to be seen in several well-known collections. The Delhi coins are rare and much coveted, and this adds an additional interest to the illustration, which gives them in exact facsimile of size.

Ornaments are frequently made up for Europeans in India as a means of utilising rare and interesting coins, and in some cases the designs are very quaint and successful, although it must be admitted that when complete, the objects are rather to be regarded as curios than as personal adornments. Foremost in this list I must place a necklet of eagle's claws set in gold. The designer of this ornament spent many a long day in search of a really fine eagle, but without success; his desire being to preserve in an ornamental form the truly surprising talons of the bird in question. At last a magnificent specimen fell to one of the guns

INDIAN COIN  
BANGLE



CELTIC BROOCH (HALF SIZE)

of three coins is also peculiar, the double chains being effective.

A gold neck-chain and coin pendant are especially noteworthy, for the design of the chain is very delicate, and yet rich in appearance, the pattern being purely Indian. All the above mentioned ornaments were carried out by native workmen with the most rudimentary tools, with which, however, wonderfully artistic results are obtained by these skilful people.

A peculiar stone is the onyx, and one which has no standard market value. The Fakirs of India wear only one as a charm, and they are greatly coveted for this purpose by the natives. As, however, they can only be picked up singly and at intervals of time, a really good graduated row is a rare acquisition, and possesses a certain value.

A beautiful Celtic brooch is composed of white bronze, set with glass pastes. This dates from the 12th century, and it appears to be the original design of the Scottish ring brooches, which cannot be excelled as a secure scarf or shawl fastening. It is only to be regretted that these exquisite ancient shapes cannot be copied and substituted for many of the crude modern conceptions.

Very curious and graceful are some of the early Anglo-Saxon ornaments, several fine samples of which may be seen at the South Kensington Museum. Notably a gold buckle exquisitely worked in twisted gold, wire pattern; another

of a shooting party at which he was present, and the disappointment was all the more keen because the eagle's claws were remarkably fine, and the successful gun (who happened to be one of our Royal Princes) appeared especially anxious to ascertain the fact. It seemed a peculiarly perverse turn

of fate that *another* man should be equally desirous of procuring a set of eagle's claws. But all regrets were soon dispelled by the Prince, who, after an examination of the dead bird, remarked with relief—"Not a claw damaged—there you are! now you can make your necklace." And a very graceful and successful design it is, as will be seen from the sketch which is, however, reduced in size. A bangle made

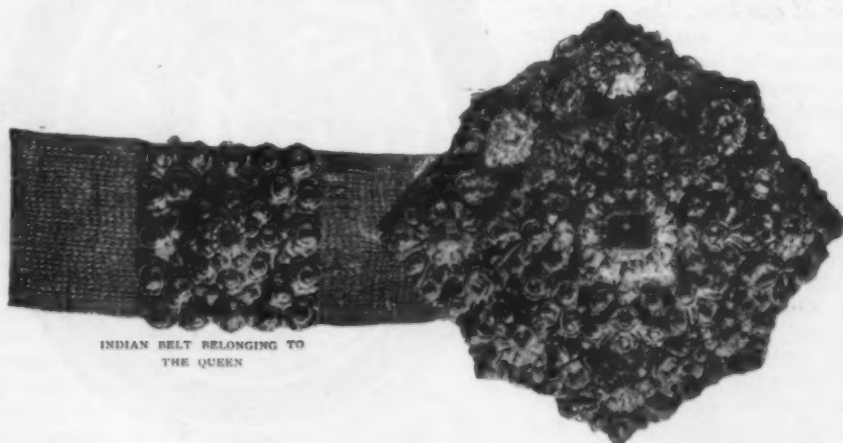


ANGLO-SAXON JEWELS (HALF SIZE)

of silver-gilt and composed of delicate filigree; while a third buckle (which is beautiful though imperfect), has a gold plaque set with garnets. Two silver-gilt fibula and a circular pendant are also set with garnets, and complete an interesting collection.

One of the peculiarities of Indian goldsmiths is the habit of piercing even the most valuable stones for the purpose of using them as pendants. Some of the largest pear-shaped emeralds I have ever seen were treated in this manner, and suspended in a costly fringe from the head-dress of an Indian Rajah.

I recollect, at the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, seeing some magnificent diamonds which had been sent over from India to be pierced; and the process being of interest, it was decided that the work, as well as that of cutting the stones, should be carried on where the public could see it. For this purpose a glass



INDIAN BELT BELONGING TO  
THE QUEEN

partition was erected, behind which the diamond cutting, &c., proceeded daily, while in front a seething crowd watched the process. Had I been alone my place would have been undoubtedly with the crowd, but my companion being a personage of importance, we were together admitted into the workshop. Here I had the opportunity of examining a very large and perfect pear-shaped diamond of singularly pure water, the property of an Indian Prince, for whom a hole was being pierced at the narrow end. The workman who had charge of the undertaking had already been at the job nine months, and seemed quite happy at the progress he had made, which appeared to me to amount to a couple of scratches with a good sized pin. I was extremely interested in handling and examining this beautiful jewel, but not less than the crowd outside the glass partition. One man of a practical turn of mind particularly delighted the bystanders by shouting to me, "Wish I had yer chance; why don't yer swaller it?"

Pearls are used in large quantities for tassels in Indian jewellery, interspersed with tiny coloured stones and threaded on gold wire. Large shallow emeralds and rubies with flat, table surfaces are also much employed, the want of depth in the stone giving a more vivid and lighter colouring than the eye is accustomed to in England. One of these stones is to be seen in the centre of the jewelled belt of which I give a photograph. This gorgeous ornament is the property of her Majesty the Queen. The clasp and stops are richly encrusted with diamonds, rubies and emeralds. The belt itself is composed of finely-plaited gold wire, and the effect of the whole is magnificent, even if somewhat barbaric.

It is a matter of regret to me that I am not able to reproduce either a sketch or photograph of a very curious Indian necklet which was given me on the occasion

of a visit to one of the Rajahs of Central India. I accompanied on this occasion a Resident Commissioner, whose position entitled him to a State reception, in which I shared. The Rajah received us seated in a carved chair on a large square of carpet, at the four corners of which were placed silver candlesticks bearing lighted candles. We were offered seats on either side of our host, who then signalled to his attendants. One after another they came in quick succession, carrying trays of sweets, cakes, betel-nut, oranges, &c. All these the Resident helped himself to, and I copied his example; but when other trays followed bearing valuable gold-mounted knives, &c., my companion, much to my disgust, declined them firmly. (He told me afterwards of the rule made by our Government that valuable presents are never accepted by those in authority.) The Rajah, however, seemed determined to find some gift that would prove acceptable, and finally produced two extremely



THE HUNSDON ONYX (FULL SIZE)

beautiful chains of gold wire, possessing no great intrinsic value, but of exquisite workmanship. These he adorned us with himself. Having declined his courteous offer to have a bullock's head struck off by a Kookri knife in our presence, we took our departure. Unfortunately my chain was stolen a few weeks later.

Gem engraving has been practised from the earliest times. The beryl, the jacinth, and the emerald have been from time immemorial employed by the sculptors of jewels in their beautiful art.

We read in the Old Testament of the costly robes, mitres and crowns fashioned for the High Priest, to be worn by him in the service of the Temple. The breast-plate of the High Priests was square, and in it were set a sardius, topaz, and a carbuncle in the first row; an emerald, sapphire, and diamond in the second; a ligure, agate, and amethyst in the third; and in the fourth and last row a beryl, an onyx, and a jasper. These stones were, we are told, "like the engraving of a signet, everyone with his name according to the twelve tribes." In the same chapter we read of "onyx stones graven as signets are graven."

The chrysolite is but rarely found engraved, nor are the garnet and amethyst. The most usual materials for fine sculpture in use among the ancients were the sardonyx, onyx, and alabaster of two strata. Certain shells were also employed. These are called cameos or intaglios—the former representing the designs in raised work, and the latter by figures cut below the surface. There is little doubt that the Babylonians, Indians, and Egyptians all practised this art in many forms, and there is much diversity of opinion as to its originators.

I give an illustration of a magnificent sardonyx engraved in delicate cameo and

set in an enamelled gold frame. This beautiful specimen was the property of the late Lord Fitzhardinge, and is known as the "Hunsdon onyx." It dates from the 16th century. Although I have no authority for the statement, I think that the subject of the cameo may be safely stated to be Perseus and Andromeda. Anything more amazing than the intricacy of detail which the sculptor has succeeded in amassing it is difficult to imagine. The exquisite figure of Andromeda is surrounded by a lamb, a goat, a polar bear, a swan, &c., while at her feet sits what appears to be a patient, but slightly bored, terrier. A ship, a city, some dozen or more marine monsters make the scene a tight fit for Perseus, who enters it sideways, while of the midday sun there is merely a section in sight, and that only owing to a careful and economical arrangement of clouds.

There is, perhaps, no question on which experts differ more absolutely and astoundingly than the supposed subject of cameo designs. Given a rare antique with a distinct figure on it, and there will be no bounds to the suggestions as to what it is meant to represent. The Duke d'Orleans in his wonderful collection had a remarkably fine cameo which Winckelmann entitled "Bacchus." M. de Bose, however, indignantly repudiated the idea, and boldly catalogued it as "Cleopatra!" Under these circumstances I am not a little relieved to feel that in the following series of cameos the onus of finding suitable titles does not rest with myself.

The first, an onyx, represents Triptolemus presenting wheat ears to Ceres. Next we come to two splendidly preserved antique Roman sardonyx cameos, Augustus and Claudius Cæsar; the former crowned with a laurel wreath and clothed in a coat of mail; while Claudius has nothing to mar the perfection of a singularly beautiful and dignified profile and chiselled features, such as the Greeks alone could have inspired.

A Græco-Roman sardonyx cameo (No. 4), is described so meagrely as a "female portrait" that I am almost tempted boldly to entitle it "Juno" or "Sardanapalus," and take the consequences.

Nos. 5 and 6, in richly embossed frames are very beautiful and delicate in design and execution. They represent a Bacchanal subject and the hymeneal procession of Cupid and Psyche, and are Italian. The last cameo, although smaller, is equally perfect. It represents Aurora in a biga. This piece of sculpture is done from a fine dark onyx, and the whole



THE DUKE OF MANSFORD'S CAMEOS (ABOUT HALF SIZE)

effect would be greatly enhanced by a better setting. This very beautiful set of cameos came from the collection of the late Duke of Marlborough, K.G. They were, I believe, shown for a time at a loan exhibition of the British Museum in 1870 or 1871; but since then they have, like many other valuable and unique curios from private collections, been lost to the general public.

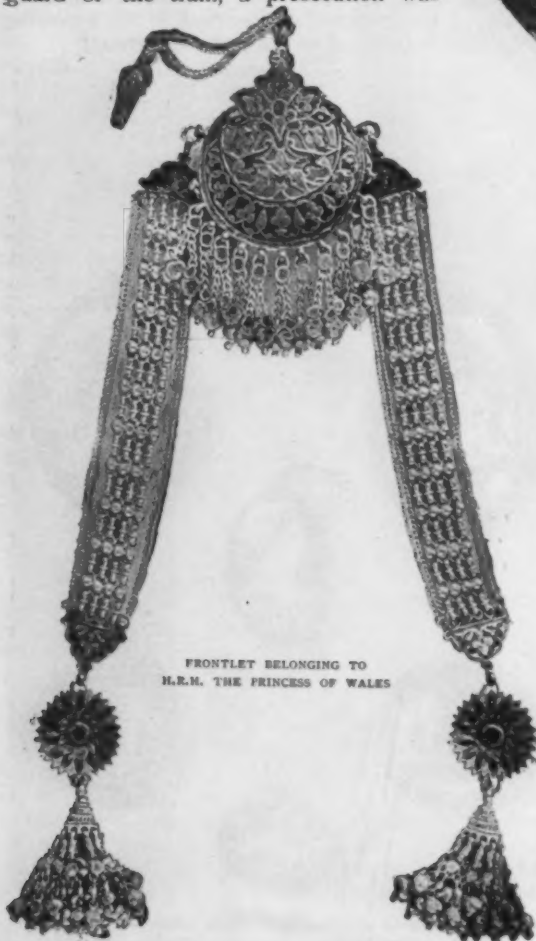
Another cameo of interest has a curious history. On a journey a jewel-case containing many valuable ornaments, including this cameo, was stolen. The cameo, owing to its value, had been photographed. Suspicion having rested on the guard of the train, a prosecution was



THE STOLEN COMEIO

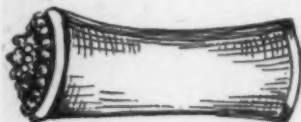
undertaken which ended in the discovery of a cameo, the identity of which it was, however, difficult to prove. The whole case turned on this point. The owner was certain that the cameo was the stolen one, the guard averring that it was not. The great argument of the plaintiff was that one grape in the bunch near the ear was imperfect and considerably smaller than the others. This was so in the cameo in court, but then came the question, how could this defect be proved to have existed in the original? Here the plaintiff triumphed easily by the production of a photograph in which the smaller defective grape is clearly visible. The photo had won the case, and I am glad to reproduce this beautiful cameo from the very print that brought the action to so successful a termination.

As a contrast to the foregoing, I cannot do better than turn to a very beautiful sample of the frontlet which forms such a distinctive adornment

FRONTLET BELONGING TO  
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES



NOSE STUD  
(TURQUOISE)



A.D.F.  
EAR PLUG (FULL SIZE)



ANCIENT ROMAN BROOCH (HALF SIZE)



GOLD ARMLET (TWO-THIRDS SIZE)

with all the women of India. This beautiful ornament is the property of her Royal Highness, the Princess of Wales, who, while possessing some of the most costly jewels in the world, has the good taste to admire all that is quaint and graceful, and, moreover, typical of the art of those countries in which it is made.

My first vision of a really handsome frontlet was on the occasion of my presentation to an Indian lady who, married to an Englishman, had cast aside all that was irksome, while retaining all that was picturesque, in the dress and customs of her people. She was a tall, fine-looking woman, and her costume was a curious admixture of European and Eastern taste. Her dress was of white satin with a long train, her neck and arms were laden with ornaments. She wore a veil of crimson gauze flecked and bordered with gold; on her thumb was a small looking-glass (about the size of half-a-crown) set as a ring; in her left nostril was a nose stud of turquoise. But it was the frontlet that rivetted my attention; for it was a mass of precious stones. In the centre was a great pendant of rubies and emeralds, on either temple was a smaller one, while strings of pearls were festooned from one to the other, and over the ears fell a cascade of precious stones and delicate filigree. Anything more becoming it is difficult to imagine.

While on the subject of Indian jewellery I cannot help a reference to what, from our western point of view, can scarcely come under the heading "ornament." I mean the ear plug. It is the custom to pierce the ear not only in the lobe but all round the cartilage. A small piece of wood is introduced into these holes and as the aperture widens, larger and yet larger plugs are used until an ornament (?) quite half an inch in diameter is finally inserted, to the satisfaction of the owner of the ear and all beholders. These plugs are frequently made of gold and silver, and the two ends are handsomely jewelled. Others again are of malachite, &c., and are hollow, so as to show the size of the hole which has been made in the ear.

I am able, through the kindness of Mr. Pidduck of Canterbury, to give the reproduction of a most beautiful ancient brooch, which was discovered about three feet below the surface of the gravel pit at Westbere, near Canterbury. This piece of land, including the slope and summit of the hill near the high road to Ramsgate, has been very fertile in yielding ancient vases, urns, &c., which are still being unearthed from time to time.

Anklelets and armlets are no longer in use in wholly civilised nations. In India

the former are universally adopted by women, toe-rings forming a frequent addition. From many of the heavy silver anklets a mass of jingling pendants are hung that make a tinkling accompaniment to the steps of the wearer.



JADE AND CRYSTAL FEATHER (TWO-THIRDS SIZE)

Armlets—that is, a bangle, or bracelet, worn above the elbow—are more rare. A very fine and curiously-fashioned specimen was discovered in 1879 on the banks of the Oxus, and is now in the South Kensington Museum. This armlet is Græco-Bactrian, and dates from the 3rd or, possibly, the 2nd century B.C. It is made of gold and very massive. The ornamentations are formed of representations of fabulous monsters, partly birds and partly animals. The surface is hollowed out in grooves, while other portions are fitted with cloisons. These were no doubt originally set with gems or filled with enamel. A curious bend in the armlet no doubt prevented it from slipping down over the elbow, a tendency with these ornaments, but it can scarcely have added to the comfort of the wearer.

Among the many beautiful pieces of gold and silversmiths' work which bear no exact definition, is the exquisite ornament of white jade which forms the subject of the next illustration. Taking the shape of a flower and foliage, both set richly with rubies, emeralds and crystals, the spray is terminated by a pendant pearl of value.

Many and exquisite have been the pieces of art fashioned by goldsmiths of all ages for uses which we cannot now realise. It is probable that this specimen, however, was intended to represent a feather to be worn as a side ornament for a head-piece or turban. In spite of all we have heard recently on the subject of "feathered women," it is, alas! and has been for ages past, a failing not secured to one sex alone; for the eagle's plume, the bird of Paradise, and peacock's feather all represent the badge of a nobility conferred by man on man, and hence, no doubt, the idea was taken by the smith who wrought the graceful, feather-shaped spray of our illustration. Such a substitute might tempt even the most determined feather worshipper from her allegiance.

To-day, when every object our eyes light on is pressed upon our notice because it is "so useful," or "so cheap," or both, there is a certain pleasure in dwelling awhile upon the relics of days when men wrought art untrammelled by "estimates" and trade competition.

To all of us there must come times when we long to escape from the contemplation of the library chair that will change into a set of steps, a clothes-horse, or a kitchen-table—when, with a sense of relief, we turn from goods that are "reversible," "convertible," "unbreakable," and "useful," to those pieces of perfect art that are neither the one nor the other. In our purely utilitarian age, it is refreshing to come across anything that is simply and unblushingly ornamental.

## A Clever Capture.

By GUY CLIFFORD.

**T**URNING over the pages of one of my old diaries I come across notes here and there of many curious riddles. Some worked out and ticketed off as solved, others still awaiting the fulness of time when all shall be known.

Amongst the former, and perhaps one of the most curious of them all in the manner of its solution, is that which I have chosen as the title of this remarkable story.

My friend and partner, Robert Graceman, had been almost invisible for several days, shut up in his den engaged on some recondite chemical experiment, appearing only at occasional intervals to restore exhausted nature with a hasty meal. His usually rubicund and jovial face bore evident signs of his continuous and laborious researches. His eyes were heavy and leaden-looking with want of sleep, and his whole demeanour showed most painfully the enormous strain of overwork that he was imposing upon his system.

That evening, at dinner, I took him to task severely on the foolishness of continuing his work without proper relaxation.

"All right, Halton, old fellow," he replied, "a few more hours and then I will promise to take a holiday. Your anxiety, however, is quite unnecessary, for I'm as right as a trivet, except that I feel a bit fagged. To-morrow, however, I will lie in bed all day and catch up my back sleep." So with a nod and a smile he left me to return to his crucibles and evil-smelling chemical mixtures.

Next morning his place at the breakfast table was empty, and looking into his den I was glad to find his apparatus put aside as though done with for the present. Evidently the experiments he was engaged on were completed, for the present at any rate, so cautioning our old housekeeper not to disturb him, I descended to the offices to get through my usual morning's work.



"SKIMMING THE DAILY POST

On going upstairs to lunch I found Graceman perched on the back of a chair, skimming the *Daily Post*.

"Hullo, my busy bee," he exclaimed, throwing down the paper, "I've taken your advice, you see, and kept my promise. Now I'm going to dose you with your own physic. We will take a holiday together, turn up business and chemistry and have a good time."

"I can't leave the office at present——" I commenced, when he broke in.

"Well, you'll have to take the office with you then, for go you do, my boy, so there's no use wasting time in discussing that point; the question is where shall we go and what shall we do?"

"I may as well give in," I replied, with more pretence of reluctance than I really felt, for his joyous mood was very infectious and a few days off would do us both good.

"Ah! I thought you wouldn't resist the temptation. Shall it be Brighton—no, too crowded—a few days up the river at Sonning, say, wouldn't be half bad if this weather holds, and it looks like keeping up."

So it was decided that on the following morning we should pack our bags and depart for Sonning-on-Thames, one of the sweetest little spots on our lovely river. We were like a couple of school boys all that evening, for it was seldom of late years that we had made holiday together, and it was a matter of some difficulty to unearth our boating flannels, so long had they remained unused. Graceman, who was a fisherman of more than ordinary zeal, spent hours in furbishing up his rods and tackle. However, at last all was ready and everything packed up.

We determined to start early, and before nine o'clock we were on our way to Paddington. Sonning is an out of the way little river village having no station of its own, so it is usually reached by driving from Twyford. As our train drew into Maidenhead Station, just this side of Twyford, Graceman, who was gazing out of the window, suddenly called out "Why, there's Layman; I wonder what he's doing down here?" and jumping up he thrust his head out of the window and waved his hand.

Layman, or Inspector Layman, of Scotland Yard, to give him his proper title, was somewhat of a favourite of Graceman's.

In a few seconds he was at our door and shaking hands.

"We're playing truant, Layman," said Graceman. "Mr. Halton and I are on the jaunt for a few days; but what's the matter with you man, you look hipped?"

"I am hipped, sir, and pretty badly, too," returned the Inspector. "You no doubt saw in the papers yesterday that there had been a burglary at Lord Liphams' house down here the night before last and all her Ladyship's jewels stolen except those she had on. The usual thing you know, dinner time—entrance gained by ladder to her Ladyship's bedroom—no one about—no trace—no clue—no nothing," wound up the Inspector, laconically. "And the aggravating thing," he went on, "is that this is one of five or six burglaries that have occurred during the last six weeks or so that we can find no clue to; first they are down in Surrey at Woking, then Sevenoaks, Bickley, Harpenden, and Esher are visited, and now they're here. We feel sure it is the same hand at each of these places, for the work is so clean and not the slightest trace left behind to help us."

"Poor fellow," said Graceman, "it's too bad of them to play you such games. We're off now, come and see us next week at the office if you don't catch them and we'll put our heads together. Good-bye," and so saying Graceman resumed his seat as the train moved on.

Our holiday has nothing to do with this adventure, so I will pass over the pleasant days we passed on the bosom of old Father Thames and come to our last night at Sonning. It was Sunday, and we intended returning to London by an early train on Monday morning. We were sitting on the lawn of the White Hart Hotel smoking a final pipe before turning in to bed when Graceman remarked:—

"I haven't seen any account of the capture of the Maidenhead burglars in the papers this week; have you?"

"I had forgotten there were such things as burglars," I replied. "I've scarcely looked at the *Post* which you so thoughtfully ordered."

"What a humbug you are, Halton," he languidly answered. "When I proposed this little trip, oh! you couldn't leave the office, but since you've been down here I don't believe you've thought once of all your multitudinous business obligations. My professional opinion is that at heart you're a loafer, a perfect loafer. Come on, let's turn in."

When we arrived at Paddington next morning, Graceman rather surprised me by saying he wanted to send a wire to Inspector Layman, so making our way round to the telegraph office he despatched the following message to that gentleman:—

"Come and see me to night at Fig Buildings if you have not found your Maidenhead friends—Graceman."

As we bowled along in a hansom I endeavoured, delicately, to pump him on the subject of burglaries in general, and Layman's in particular, but he failed to respond to my insinuating enquiries, and, recognising my want of success, I at last desisted.

Business matters have an awkward way of accumulating during one's holidays, and I was kept busily employed for the rest of the day. I was reminded during the afternoon of Inspector Layman, however, by receiving a telegram saying he would call after dinner. I sent the message upstairs to Graceman but the clerk said he was not at home.

Graceman had returned, however, when I went into the dining-room for dinner.

"You've had Layman's wire?" I asked interrogatively.

"Yes, and I see he is still down at Maidenhead."

"He didn't say so in his message," I remarked.

"No, of course not, but the telegram is despatched from Maidenhead if you notice, therefore I think it is a fair inference that the man is there also, but we shall presently know what success he has had. Meantime, have you any engagement for Wednesday evening, as I have a little adventure to propose which I think you would like to share?"

As I had nothing special on hand I signified my willingness to participate, and from past experience I refrained from trying to elicit what the adventure was until he was prepared to enlighten me.



"POOR FELLOW"

When dinner was over we adjourned to the smoking-room, where very shortly afterwards Inspector Layman was announced.

"How's Maidenhead looking, Layman?" said Graceman, with a twinkle in his eye as he shook the Inspector's hand; "you're getting quite sunburnt."

"I was about to make the same remark to you," returned Layman; "both you and Mr. Halton are looking very fit, but as to Maidenhead it's a jolly enough place if you're down there boating and nothing to worry you, but from a professional point of view I'm just about tired of it."

"Then you have made little progress?"

"No, we are just where we were when I saw you at the station; in fact, we are worse off, as there is a week's loss of time with absolutely nothing to show for it. We overhauled several suspicious customers during the first day or two after the burglary, but they were not our men. Personally I don't hope to trace them, as I feel convinced they are well out of the neighbourhood; their mode of work shows me that they are too clever to be caught unless we are able to drop on them red-handed. I cannot even form any definite theory as to who the thieves may be, or how they work.

You've helped me unravel some tough cases, Mr. Graceman, but then we've always had some clue or trace to work on, but now I'm beaten."

"Never say die," said Graceman, as the Inspector finished speaking; "you forget the 'Delford Mystery' and the 'McHenry Will Case,' to say nothing of one or two others, where we had as little to guide us, and yet you pulled them off all right."

"You pulled them off you should have said," returned Layman, "for if you had not put me on the right scent they would have remained mysteries to the present day; but I fear even you cannot pull these chestnuts out of the fire for us."

"Now you want to nettle me, Layman; you know my weak side and take advantage of it," replied Graceman with a smile. "However, I will humour you and accept your challenge, but, mind you, on our usual understanding: my name—I may say our names, for Mr. Halton will help me—are not to appear under any circumstances whatever."

"Of course I shall be charmed to go burglar-catching, but I don't quite see—" I began, when Graceman stopped me with:—

"Wait a bit, Halton. Layman, I want your assurance."

"If you wish it, of course I promise, sir; but let me tell you frankly I would much sooner you allowed me to inform my chief, for I don't much care for false credit, and praise so gained rather rankles here," said Layman, striking his clenched hand on his chest.

"It must be as I say," returned Graceman, "we cannot be known in the matter; you and I have worked together many times and you have previously tried



"LAYMAN, I WANT YOUR ASSURANCE"

to overcome my desire for remaining *incognito* without success, so you must accept the stipulation. And now to business. 'From information received,' as the newspaper reporters have it, I understand a burglary is to be attempted at Sunbury next Wednesday evening. My information, unfortunately, does not give the address of the victims, nor does it state the numerical strength of the burglars, but I put the number at about three. A very important fact, however, is that the confederates meet at Sunbury railway station at half-past six on Wednesday evening, and they are the same gentlemen you are looking for at Maidenhead." As Graceman finished speaking he leaned back in his seat and surveyed the Inspector, who sat bolt upright in his chair, his face vividly expressing the astonishment he felt at this explicit and detailed exposure of the enemy's plans.

"This beats Maskelyne and Cooke; why if I did not know you so well I should believe you were making a fool of me," exclaimed Layman. "Here have I been in close communication with all our force, half over England, for more than a week, on this job while you return this morning from your holiday, and in a few hours put your hand on the entire band. Yes, it's funny, awfully funny," he wound up, as I burst into laughter at the comical expression which the Inspector wore.

"Excuse me Layman, it's too bad to laugh at your perplexity," I said, "however, I am as much in the dark as you are."

"Can you inform us, Mr. Graceman, the source of this remarkable intelligence?" began Layman.

"I thought I told you, 'from information received.'"

"Is that all?"

"All that I can tell you for the present, but I should like to ask you how you intend to act in the matter; or perhaps you would prefer to hear my ideas first and say what you then think of them?"

"By all means," replied Layman.

"Halton," Graceman commenced, "please give me your attention, for you are as well acquainted with the ground over which we are to travel as I am;" then turning towards Inspector Layman, he continued, "Sunbury, you are probably aware, is a small riverside village a couple of miles or so above Hampton Court; the station lies about a mile from the river, and the best part of Sunbury is situated close to the Thames, along the road from the station to the village are also several large detached houses, and I may mention here that this road is exceedingly badly lighted at night time. I may say that near the station on the opposite side of the line are a number of houses, in fact, another village, but as these are all small cottages I don't think we need trouble about them. You made the remark when we met at Maidenhead that there had been five or six burglaries, all very similar in character, during the past few weeks around London and that they occurred during the time the family were at dinner—was this so in each case?"

"There was only one exception, if exception it may be termed," replied Layman, "and in that case the thieves are presumed to have entered after dinner, as during dessert the lady of the house sent one of the servants up to her bedroom for her vinaigrette, and the girl noticed nothing unusual in the room, but they must have been just at hand, for within an hour the robbery was discovered by the lady's maid when she went to tidy up her mistress's room. For all practical purposes we may, therefore, say each of these robberies was effected during dinner."

"Let us assume then that the plans of our friends at Sunbury are laid on the same lines—what I propose is this, that to-morrow you go down to Sunbury with two or three good men and thoroughly investigate the neighbourhood, find out the habits of all the residents in the near vicinity who may be considered worth these fellows' attention, ascertain if there are any strangers recently arrived at any of the hotels and if anyone is giving a dance or a dinner-party on Wednesday evening. You will have but little difficulty in your enquiries, as it is only a one-horse place and everyone knows everybody else's business. You can leave your men down

there if you like, but they must be careful to avoid being conspicuous. They should dress like boating men, flannel shirts and serge suits, and go for a row in the day to blind suspicion. By this means you will gain a good knowledge of the locality; and if you will call here to-morrow evening we will make our plans for Wednesday. If you get back in time come straight on here and have dinner with us."

As Graceman concluded, he rose and stretched himself by slowly walking up and down the room, while Layman, after asking a few questions about Sunbury and promising to see us again the next evening, lighted up a fresh cigar which I offered him and took his departure.

"If not asking too much, Graceman," I remarked, when the Inspector had gone, "I should rather like to have one or two little points cleared up on this affair."

"Say on, my friend."

"Firstly, then, at what time on Wednesday do you require the pleasure of my company? secondly, where are *we*—that is, you and I—going to? and, thirdly, what are we going to do when we get there?"

"Concisely put and with commendable moderation," said Graceman; "and I will reply as tersely. Firstly, three p.m.; secondly, Hampton Court; thirdly, for a row. Having gratified your curiosity I must bid you good-night, for I still feel the effects of the balmy air of Sonning, and am confoundedly sleepy."

Whether this was an excuse to avoid further questioning or no I cannot say, but I rather think it was, for my friend Robert's custom was rather to sit up till the small hours of the morning.

Graceman, after breakfast next morning, informed our housekeeper that we should probably have a visitor to dinner that evening, and a little later on he joined me in the office, where, somewhat to my surprise, he remained the rest of the day, a thing he now rarely did, as I think I have before mentioned.

Inspector Layman, however, did not arrive in time for dinner, and it was past ten o'clock when he appeared. His report of the day's proceedings at Sunbury may be summed up very shortly. As arranged, he had made inquiries as suggested the previous night, and thoroughly surveyed the neighbourhood. The most important facts he had gleaned were that at two houses there would be parties on the Wednesday evening, and that as far as could be learnt there were no persons staying in the village whose movements were at all suspicious. These two houses were both on the road from Sunbury to Hampton, and not more than five minutes apart.

"The chief result attained," remarked Graceman, "is that your knowledge of the ground will be of immense advantage to us when



"I SHOULD LIKE TO HAVE ONE OR TWO POINTS CLEARED UP."

we have to work at night. You, of course, particularly observed the situation of the houses which were giving the entertainments?"

Layman signified his assent to this question by a nod.

"Briefly, then," went on Graceman, "my proposal is this: You take down three more good men to-morrow afternoon, and have them just outside the station at a quarter-past six. It will be almost dark at that hour. How many men have you there now?"

"Three."

"Good! Then instruct two of them to proceed, when it gets dark, to watch these houses, and the third man must patrol between the two; if nothing transpires then they are to return to Sunbury station at eleven o'clock. But if the burglars arrive at either house the man must get quietly away and summon his two *confrères*, and secure the thieves as they best can. Mr. Halton and myself are going down to Hampton Court to-morrow afternoon; we shall row up to Sunbury, and will meet you at the Magpie Hotel. We shall be there just before six o'clock, and we will immediately proceed to the railway station, where I hope to spot our friends when they meet. I think that provides for everything?" Graceman wound up, interrogatively.

"It's all right if we can recognise the scamps," replied Layman; "or if they attack the houses we have under surveillance; but I don't see where we shall come in if we miss them at the station, and they break into some other place."

"That's certainly the weak part of our chain," returned Graceman, "but I will show you how we can strengthen it when we meet at the Magpie. From their method of work, however, I think you will find one or more of these burglars are past masters at their trade, and I shall be more than surprised, Layman, if you don't find them to be old acquaintances, in which case you will recognise one or more of them yourself. I need hardly suggest that all your men and yourself should be disguised, as we do not wish the birds to take flight just when we are about to snare them."

Discussing various details of the morrow's campaign it was nearly midnight ere the Inspector left us.

Graceman and I went down early on the following afternoon to Hampton Court, where we hired a light skiff from the boatyard we usually patronised, and informed the man that we should leave the boat at Sunbury that night and he could send and fetch it back next day.

The distance by river to Sunbury is just about three miles, and Graceman suggested that pulling easily we could arrive at our destination about five o'clock and have some tea before Layman joined us.

I must not linger over the scenery of the river, which at that season of the year, for it was the end of September, was full of ripe beauty which always held me with a special charm, and the reach below Sunbury I consider one of the most beautiful on the Thames.

For myself I thought it all too soon when we reached the landing-stage of the Magpie Hotel, and the adventurous enterprise on which we were engaged was forcibly thrust upon me by Graceman's remark to hurry up, or I wouldn't get any tea. However, he had arranged matters so well that we had finished our meal comfortably and lighted our pipes before the Inspector arrived punctually on the stroke of six.

Dusk was fast deepening into the gloom of night as we started for the station, and as soon as we were out of the main street of the village, Layman reported that everything was in order as arranged.

"Good!" remarked Graceman; "and now I will tell you how I mean to make the weak link in our chain right; but first I must look in here," and as he spoke he opened the gate of a tiny cottage, and walking up the short path knocked at the door, which was opened almost instantly.

"Ready, Tom?" we heard him say.

"That you, Mr. Graceman? Right you are, sir."

And as the door shut, and the two men came towards us, I remembered that this was the abode of Tom West, a professional fisherman, who had many a time and oft been engaged for a day's fishing by Graceman.

In a few words Graceman told him as we continued our walk what we were down there for, and then, addressing Layman and myself, remarked that Tom knew every man, woman and child in Sunbury, whether villagers or gentlefolk and that he had written him to be ready at six o'clock that evening when he called.

"You will see presently that his assistance will be of the utmost service," said Graceman, and then he continued his remarks which this addition to our party had interrupted.

"You have no doubt noticed the exit from Sunbury station is through a wooden gate at which a porter stands to collect tickets. You remember that I said my information gave the meeting place as Sunbury station at half-past six? A

coincidence, or shall I call it a corollary, is the fact that a train arrives here from town at twenty-

six minutes

past six—

what more

probable

then, that

this train

brings one

or, perhaps,

more of the

thieves?

Now, Tom

West can tell

us who are

natives and

who are not,

and if there

are any

strangers on

the platform

awaiting the

train's arrival

we must



THE BEACH BELOW SUNBURY

watch them. If, however, there are no suspicious characters about then we must look for them amongst the passengers by the train. You must place your men, Layman, outside the gate where they can be talking together obscured in the gloom. They must watch you, who will indicate to them by a nod to follow any person or persons that Tom West does not know, and which he will point out to me and I will nod to you as the suspected party passes the gate. Your men, after shadowing his suspect, must report to you at the Magpie, where Mr. Halton and myself will adjourn as soon as you are engaged on the track. Here we are at the station and the train's signalled too, so look sharp, Inspector, and arrange your men. We'll go on the platform."

As we passed on to the platform Graceman commenced to chat rather loudly with Tom West on the chance of a day's sport on the morrow amongst the barbel. There was apparently no one there besides ourselves, but still laughing and chatting he kept the conversation from flagging for an instant until the roar of the quickly approaching train drowned his efforts. Then he said sharply "Tom,

keep your eye on each person that approaches the exit, and if you don't know him, give me a poke on the arm with your stick. Now look out sharp and keep chattering and laughing at the same time." There were very few passengers by the train, perhaps a score in all, and several had already passed through the gate when Tom West whispered "That fellow in a brown hat gaping round near the gate is a stranger to me."

As I glanced at the man out of the corner of my eye, I saw a look of recognition flash from him, and in a moment another man joined him.

"There's another stranger talking with him," whispered West again.

Both men now gazed among the quickly-thinning group of passengers, when I noticed one touch the other on the arm, and both moved towards the gate.

"Now Halton," said Graceman rapidly, in a low voice, "you walk off to the gate as if you were going out, and when I call out 'Jim,' count five then answer back 'yes' and return to us."

Closely following Graceman's instructions a few steps brought me amongst the last of the people pushing through the gate; the two men I had been watching were just passing the exit, when Graceman called out "Jim."

Waiting to count five, before I replied, another voice outside the gate answered "Hallo" at the same moment I shouted "Yes." Naturally surprised, I looked towards the spot whence the voice came; I saw the two men we had been watching, together with a third man, all turned towards the spot where Graceman stood; they were just through the gate in front of me, and I could have touched them by putting out my hand. Fortunately I didn't forget Graceman's instructions, and turning sharp round I called out, "Well, what is it?" As I did so I heard one of the three give a guffaw, and say "I thought it was you, Jim, the bloke wanted."

This little scene took far less time to act than it does to set down here, and half a minute would more than cover the time occupied.

When I got close to Graceman he burst out into a hearty laugh that might have been heard at the end of the road, and Tom West joined him; but what they saw to laugh at beat me. However, they seemed so tickled that I felt compelled to help them and so we laughed at each other.

"Capital, couldn't have been better," said Graceman, when he had finished making an exhibition of himself.

"I'm glad of that, anyhow," I replied.

"All right, old man, keep your hair on, what kind of a chap was Jim?"

"Tall, darkish beard and moustache, rough, dark-grey overcoat, brownish soft-cloth hat, and he had a largish black hand-bag," I answered somewhat proudly, for I have a woman's knack of taking stock of people at a glance.

"My dear Halton, you're a credit to me. Let us away. Come on Tom, and don't forget we're fishermen now."

So saying, we sauntered away from the station into the darkness of the night. We had barely gone thirty or forty yards before a figure advanced from the gloom of the hedge at the roadside.

"It's all right sir," said the figure, for it was Layman. "My three men are shadowing them. We know one of the scamps, the one in the brown hat, so there's not the slightest doubt you've given us the straight tip this time. I must be off now after my men. Are you going on to the Magpie?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll come on there directly we've located them." And the Inspector walked briskly off ahead of us.

Nothing more was said on the matter as we returned to the hotel. Tom West and Graceman went deep into the merits of trolling and spinning for jack and the subtle niceties of snap-tackle fishing for that same interesting fish.

"Come in Tom and have a whisky," said Graceman, when we arrived at our destination.

When we were seated in a comfortable corner of the smoke-room, Graceman said: "Would you like to be in at the death, or shall we wait the final act here, Halton?"

"I should rather like to see the capture," I replied; "that is if it's in the neighbourhood."

"All right, we will decide when Layman returns."

It was nearly an hour before the Inspector appeared. He was beaming and as sprightly as a two-year old.

Declining my invitation to have a whisky he drew a chair up to our little table and detailed his movements since he left us. The presumed burglars had walked leisurely down the road we had just come without any sign of uneasiness; they continued through the village in the same easy indifference until they were close to the house where the dinner-party was in progress, here they loitered a bit, as if to see if the coast were clear, then they disappeared over the wall which shut off the side grounds from the road. One of the detectives followed them and returned in a few minutes to say they were ensconced in a summer-house, at the bottom of the garden. The other two detectives had then got over the wall and hidden themselves in some shrubs near the house, whilst the first went back to watch the summer-house.

"When do you start, Layman?" said Graceman when the Inspector had finished.

"As soon as you like, sir; the dinner-party is for eight o'clock, and it's nearly that now, so we ought to be moving."

"Come on, then, let's be off, Halton, if you're coming."

"Yes, I've come so far, so I may as well see the finish," I remarked.

"You must be careful, gentlemen," said Layman, "for one man, I know, is a dangerous customer. Is Mr. West going to join us, too?"

"I should like to uncommonly, if I shan't be in the way," eagerly remarked Tom.

"All right," said Graceman, "you stick close to me; now we're ready." And so saying, we moved off on our expedition.

The night had closed in pitch dark, a heavy mantle of black rain-clouds obscured the heavens and the wind was beginning to blow with some force.

The road beyond the village was dark and lonesome; some little distance before we arrived at our destination the Inspector bade us halt while he went on to see if all was quiet. Returning in about ten minutes he reported all serene, and under his guidance we went forward and clambered over the wall. He hid us away near the two detectives and desired us to remain perfectly quiet unless he called us by name.

The house was a wide two-storied building with a verandah over the ground floor; every room downstairs was a blaze of light, but in the top rooms only two rooms showed a full light, whilst in the others there was only a dim twinkle as though the gas burners were turned down low.

We were barely hidden away when we heard eight o'clock strike from some neighbouring church.

Scarcely breathing, the minutes passed like hours, but it could scarcely have been a quarter-past eight when I saw three shadowy forms approaching from the opposite corner of the house. They halted close to where I was crouching with Tom West on the one side and Graceman on the other.

"Keep a sharp look out, Bill," I heard one whisper, and then the same man said, "Give me a hoist."

Clutching hold of one of the pillars that supported the verandah, the other stooped for him to put his feet on his shoulders; then, slowly rising, the climber grasped the edge of the verandah, and drew himself up; a second man followed in the same manner, and when he was up, the other whispered down, "Now for the bag,"

and the fellow picked up the black bag, and groping about, presently said in a hoarse whisper "All right," and I saw the bag slowly ascend. It had evidently been tied on to a piece of cord which it was too dark to discern.

From our hiding-place I could see the two men crawl to one of the darkened windows; then, in about a couple of minutes, I heard a faint click, and presently the window was slowly raised and both men disappeared inside the house.

I was quivering with excitement now and breathlessly waiting the next act in the drama. I had not long to wait. The man watching below stood back a little from the house, where he could command every window. Just behind him was a patch of shrubs, and as I watched him, a dark object crept noiselessly round the bushes; then straightening itself up, two arms shot out, and clutching the watcher by the throat, threw him on his back on the grass—a dull thud was the only sound that reached me as the body fell. Then another figure joined the first, and in a few seconds the fallen man was drawn out of my sight behind the bushes. Another figure then appeared, and took up the position the captured man had occupied, whilst three other forms crept under the verandah just where the burglars had climbed up.

Ten minutes or so slowly dragged by, then a figure appeared at the opened window, and crawled quietly out, followed by his pal. When they got to the edge of the verandah, one whispered, "Here you are, Bill," and the supposed Bill stepped forward and secured the black bag. Both the men on the roof then lowered themselves over the edge, and dropped right into the arms of those there waiting for them hidden beneath the verandah. There was a bit of a scuffle, and the rest of us rushed up, but the capture was completed without our aid, and without a word having been spoken.

When the handcuffs were on one of the twain said in a bitter tone:—

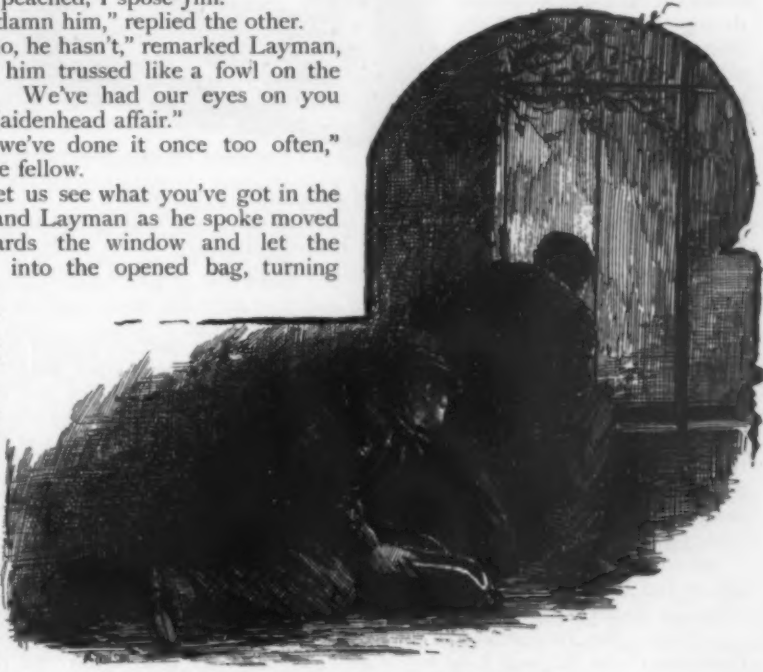
"Bill's peached, I spose Jim."

"Yes, damn him," replied the other.

"Oh, no, he hasn't," remarked Layman, "we've got him trussed like a fowl on the grass here. We've had our eyes on you since the Maidenhead affair."

"Yes, we've done it once too often," admitted the fellow.

"But let us see what you've got in the bag here," and Layman as he spoke moved closer towards the window and let the light shine into the opened bag, turning the contents over with his hand. "Ah," he ejaculated, "By Jove! but you made a grand haul; we had better go round to the front door, and let them know what's been happening."



"I SAW THE TWO MEN CRAWL TO THE WINDOW"

We all marched through the side yard to the front, the prisoners guarded each by two stalwart detectives.

"Let's get in the background—we don't want to be recognised," said Graceman to me as the Inspector knocked at the main entrance.

The servant started back in alarm on beholding the band of men in the porch, but a few words from Layman reassured him somewhat, and closing the door again he went to fetch his master.

"By Jove! it's old Colonel Stanley," whispered Graceman in my ear as a tall, white-haired man threw the door open widely.

"Well, friends, what's the matter?"

"Fortunately nothing very serious," replied Layman, "your house has been broken into while you were dining; but we secured the thieves in the act and have all the plunder here," tapping the bag.

"Good gracious! are you a police officer?" said the Colonel.

Layman nodded and the Colonel asked him to go in.

"We may as well toddle," remarked Graceman, taking my arm. "Tell the Inspector, Tom, that Mr. Halton and I have gone back to the Magpie."

It was not long before the Inspector joined us, and when I suggested a whisky this time he did not refuse.

He still retained the black bag.

"I've sent the men up to the railway station," he said, in answer to Graceman's enquiry, "and if you don't object we might catch the next train back to town, as I shall feel more comfortable when these jokers are safe under lock and key."

On our journey to Waterloo, Layman related what had passed when he entered the house at the Colonel's invitation. The old man called his son out from the dining-room and Layman related the affair of the capture, and it was agreed that nothing should be said to the guests till after the dinner was finished. Then the story was to be told and the people in the house were to make a list out of what things they missed and the lists were to be sent on to the Inspector at Scotland Yard—Layman also was to catalogue the contents of the black bag and send the list to the Colonel, who was to attend the police-court on the following morning, when no doubt the Magistrate would order the things to be handed over to him.

When the Inspector had finished relating these arrangements he turned to Graceman and begged him to relate how he had discovered the plans of the burglars which he had forecasted so exactly.



"YOUR HOUSE HAS BEEN BROKEN INTO"

Graceman unbuttoned his overcoat, and taking out his pocket-book, handed to Layman a little slip of a newspaper cutting.

"Have you seen that before?" he asked.

"No," the Inspector replied in a hesitating manner; then suddenly, as a remembrance seemed to strike him, "Yes I have though, by Jove! Didn't it appear in one of the morning papers a few days ago?"

"Quite so; in the *Daily Post* Agony Column," returned Graceman.

"But what's it got to do with this affair?"

"That's my 'information received,' that's all," said Graceman quietly.

"Do you mean that this is all you had to work on?" quickly demanded Layman.

"Yes."

"Well I'm—but I won't swear; please explain it and settle me."

"Don't flurry, there's a good fellow," returned Graceman, as he handed me the cutting, which was as follows:—

O W S N E U H D N A N B L E U F S R P D Y A A S S Y T T N  
A S E T I X I X T.—JIM.

Then he continued. "This appeared in the *Daily Post* Agony Column last Monday, and I read it and solved it as we were returning from Sonning; then I wired you to come and see me. Similar notices had appeared in the same paper at different times during the past two or three months, but you put the clue in my hands at Maidenhead."

"Me! how?"

"When you informed me that similar burglaries had occurred at Woking, Sevenoaks, and the other places. Now these little cryptograms have an attraction for me and I had taken the trouble to decipher them; the answer to this one is found by reading every third letter in rotation, thus," and so saying he handed us a slip of paper on which was pencilled the following.

|    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |      |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|------|
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| 13 | 26 | 1  | 14 | 27 | 2  | 15 | 28 | 3  | 16 | 29 | 4  | 17 | 30 | 5  | 18 | 31 | 6  | 19 | 32   |
| Y  | A  | A  | S  | S  | V  | T  | T  | N  | A  | S  | E  | T  | I  | X  | I  | X  | T  | —  | JIM. |
| 7  | 20 | 33 | 8  | 21 | 34 | 9  | 22 | 35 | 10 | 23 | 36 | 11 | 24 | 37 | 12 | 25 | 38 |    |      |

"If you start at number 1 and read the figures in numerical order the translation comes out, 'Sunbury station, half-past-six Wednesday next, Jim.' Those that appeared in the previous weeks solved themselves by the same rule, but each read differently, the difference being in the place and time of meeting. I looked up the file of the papers and found that on each date a burglary took place in the neighbourhood given. But in two cases the name appended to the cryptogram was 'Bloater,' the others were all 'Jim.' I concluded that it was the practice of these rascals, when they spotted a suitable crib to crack, to communicate the fact to each other by this means, and I think you will admit my conclusions have justified themselves, and by our joint efforts we have outwitted the enemy."

"Joint efforts is good, remarkably good," Layman said, with a half-hearted kind of laugh. "A pretty tale to pitch to my chief. 'How did you manage it, Layman?' he will say. 'Joint efforts with a man unknown,' I answer. Make him smile, won't it?"

"Pooh, you can put your chief right better than that," returned Graceman, "say anything or nothing, but mum's the word as regards Mr. Halton and myself, and now good-night to you;" and shaking hands with Layman as the train drew into Waterloo we left him to look after the safe custody of his charges.

It may be well in conclusion to relate that at the trial it was fully proved that the prisoners had been concerned in all the burglaries mentioned in this narrative, and the sentence was ten years penal servitude, the judge commending Inspector Layman for the smart way in which he had secured his captives.

## Women of Note.

### H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.

**C**F the numerous members of her Majesty's family circle none is more popular than H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany, who, by her gentle disposition, charitable works and gracious demeanour, has won the regard of the English nation. No one who has seen the charming Duchess can be surprised that the Queen's youngest son was proud to win Princess Helen of Waldeck-Pyrmont for his bride; but all must regret that the bond of mutual affection which bound them together was prematurely snapped by the early and sudden death of Prince Leopold. The marriage of Princess Helen and the Duke of Albany was celebrated at Windsor in April, 1882, in the presence of her Majesty and other members of the Royal Family. The King and Queen of the Netherlands were also honoured guests on this occasion, when the former received the Order of the Garter at the hands of our beloved Sovereign. The Duchess of Albany, who has dark hair, eyes which seem always smiling, and a clear, bright complexion, greatly resembles her sister, the Queen Regent of Holland. She was a loving and attentive wife during the few years of her married life, and has proved herself a devoted mother to her two children, the young Duke of Albany and



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY

[Photo by H. S. Mendelssohn]

his sister. The Queen is deeply attached to her widowed daughter-in-law, with whom she has many tastes in common, and whose fatherless children naturally appeal to the warmest instincts of her Majesty's nature.

Claremont, Esher, the home of H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany, is the property of the Queen, and is remarkable for the beauty of its grounds. Only a portion of the mansion is at present occupied, as H.R.H. lives in a very simple and unpretending manner, and only entertains to a limited extent. A large proportion of her time is en-

gaged in the supervision of her children's education, for only recently has the young Duke been sent to a public school; and committees and public institutions regard this lady as their lawful prey when inaugural ceremonies take place. The Duchess of Albany has also interested herself in the Ambulance cause, and has attended more than one course of lectures. She speaks with a slight German accent, and though not precisely beautiful, has a very comely appearance, with a figure slightly inclining to *embonpoint*.



THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

[Photo by Van der Weyde]

#### THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

Louise Fredericka Augusta, daughter of the late Count von Alten, of Hanover, occupies the unique position of having been the wife of two English dukes. This lady married, in the first instance, William Drogo Montagu, seventh Duke of Manchester; and secondly, in August, 1892, espoused the present Duke of Devonshire, who, as Lord Hartington, distinguished himself in the political world. Her Grace's first husband bequeathed to her, strictly on the condition that she remained

a widow, two-thirds of his income, principally derived from estates in Australia and New Zealand, with one-third of the income derived from his residuary estate, and his town house in Great Stanhope Street. The latter, on her marriage, reverted to the present Duke of Manchester, and her interests in the Colonial estates were divided between the Duke of Manchester and his aunt and uncle, Lady Gosford and Lord Charles Montagu. Serious as such a loss of income would be to the majority of people, it is not likely to have much effect on the Duchess of



(Photo by Russell & Sons, Baker St.)

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH

Devonshire, married to a man with a handsome and increasing rent-roll, and the mistress of such lordly pleasure houses as the stately Chatsworth, Compton Place, Eastbourne, and the family mansion of the Cavendish family in Piccadilly. The Duchess of Devonshire still retains traces of great beauty, though over sixty years of age, and was distinguished in her youth for her delicacy of complexion and elegance of figure, which, with the wealth at her command and high rank, placed her in the first rank of English Society.

#### THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

Mrs. Hammersley (*née* Lily Price) is another American lady who has chosen to mate with a British Peer; for, notwithstanding the democratic tendencies of the daughters of Brother Jonathan, they appear by no means reluctant to exchange their American dollars into current coin of the English Realm, especially when the enticement takes the form of the strawberry leaves. The Duchess's late husband, Mr. Louis Hammersley, left his widow an annual income of about £140,000—no

contemptible sum even to support the proud Dukedom of Marlborough, combined with that tribute of a nation's gratitude, the stately Blenheim Palace. Large sums were expended during the late Duke's lifetime in restoring, decorating and re-furnishing Blenheim, which, from a variety of causes, had been somewhat neglected of late years. By his premature death from heart disease, only a short time after his union with Mrs. Hammersley, this princely estate passed to his son, the present Duke and child of his first wife, the Marchioness of Blandford.

The Duchess possesses a fine town house in Carlton Terrace, and has leased for a term of years a beautifully situated mansion and estate — Deepdene — near Dorking. If rumour speaks correctly, the handsome Duchess of Marlborough is once more about to try her chances in the matrimonial lottery, and it is whispered that the announcement of a fresh engagement will be made after a decent interval has elapsed from the death of Lord Randolph Churchill, the late Duke's brother.



THE DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER

(Photo by Lafayette, Dublin)

#### THE DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER.

It was in 1876 that Lord Mandeville, while on an American tour, first made the acquaintance of the witty, clever and attractive Miss Yznaga, then in the heyday of youth and beauty, and of a pure blonde type. The mutual liking soon blossomed into friendship, and afterwards to love, for in the following May, after a quiet marriage, they started for their English home. On her introduction to English Society Lady Mandeville became a great favourite and extremely popular

in the Marlborough House set, as both the Prince and Princess of Wales at once held out a warm welcome to the latest American beauty. The young bride also found friends in Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, with whom she has ever since been on the most intimate terms. The Duchess of Manchester comes from a musical family, and her kindness to musicians is proverbial. A brilliant performer and an intense lover of sweet sounds, her sympathies for those whose life work it is, and who need her help, are readily aroused.

Her union with the late Duke of Manchester resulted in one son, the present Duke, and twindaughters, Lady Mary and Lady Alice Montagu. The Duchess has recently sustained a severe bereavement in the death, from influenza, of Lady Mary Montagu, who was buried in the family vault at Kimbolton. To a woman who has devoted herself to her children this sad event must be a lasting grief. Since her husband's death this charming lady has divided her time be-



THE LATE DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

(Photo by Van der Weyde)

tween Tanderagee Castle and Kimbolton, near St. Neot's, Huntingdonshire. Of the many fascinating American women who have allied themselves with aristocratic English families, Miss Consuelo Yznaga, now the Duchess of Manchester, and Miss Jerome, afterwards Lady Randolph Churchill, were among the first.

#### THE LATE DUCHESS OF LEINSTER.

Death's cold hand has been laid upon one of the most beautiful women of the day, Hermione, Duchess of Leinster, who recently succumbed to that fell destroyer, consumption, at Mentone at the early age of thirty-two, never having recovered

from the shock occasioned by her husband's death two years since. For some time her delicate health has been a source of grave anxiety to her family, and on this account it was imperative that her Grace should reside in a warm climate, so the Riviera was selected, but, unfortunately, the balmy air of the South had no effect in retarding this insidious disease. The late Duchess of Leinster was the eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Fife, of Duncombe Park, Helmsley, Yorkshire, and was born in 1854. On January, 17th, 1884, she married the



THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

[Painted by Watney, Regent St.]

fifth Duke of Leinster, whose proud position as the premier Duke, Marquis and Earl in the Irish peerage she adorned by her virtue, beauty and other womanly graces. The Archbishop of Canterbury officiated at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, where the wedding took place, and besides the leading members of the English aristocracy the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne were present. The Duchess of Leinster has left three little sons to deplore her loss. Maurice, the present Duke, born in 1887, Lord Desmond FitzGerald born in 1888; and Lord Edward FitzGerald, born in 1892.

Well known in London and Dublin Society, and deservedly popular, she shared with her three sisters, Lady Helen Vincent, Lady Cynthia Graham and Lady Ulrica Duncombe, personal beauty of the highest order. From her earliest years her Grace has been deeply interested in art, and devoted considerable time to acquiring proficiency in sculpture, in which she was particularly successful, after receiving instruction for two years in clay modelling, and there are many examples of her work in her beautiful home, Carton, near Maynooth. Her husband's family has resided in Ireland since the 12th century, and the late Duke, like his father,

spent the principal part of his life on the family estates in Kildare, where he and his beautiful Duchess spent their too brief married life.

#### THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

Millicent Fanny, eldest daughter of the fourth Earl and the Countess of Rosslyn, was born on the 20th of March, 1867, at Dysart House, and married on her seventeenth birthday Cromartie, Marquis of Stafford, the present Duke of Sutherland. A romantic story has been told that their first meeting took place when Lady Millicent Erskine was quite a child, and was permitted to appear at a fashionable dinner-party in the place of a tardy guest, to avoid the mystic number of thirteen sitting down to table. Whether this legend is founded on fact or not it is difficult to say, but the circumstance remains, that the Marquis lost little time in wooing the beautiful young *débutante*, whose wedding quickly followed her first presentation at Court. Those who have enjoyed the hospitality of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, either at Trentham or at their palatial mansion, Stafford House, St. James's, are charmed by the graceful and fascinating manner of their hostess, who possesses that nameless charm, indicative of high birth, combined with that freshness and irresistibility which is the special prerogative of youth and beauty, accentuated by favourable surroundings, and a happy home life. Soon after their marriage the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland made a tour round the world, and the latter has embodied her experiences and notes of travel in a charming volume published by Messrs. Blackwood, entitled "How I Spent My Twentieth Year." This book contains many poetic touches, and displays a quaint humour which is all her own, as for instance, when she describes the Australian Bush, and the insistence of their driver that they should visit a little dell because Lord Rosebery once picnicked there; adding "He had a very vivid recollection of the Roseberys and seemed to think little of us, because we did not utter half so many exclamations on the beauty of the scenery as they did."

The Duchess has also distinguished herself in the cause of charity, and many a poor cottager in Staffordshire, as well as the poverty-stricken denizens in the East-end of London, are ready to testify to her kindly sympathy and assistance. At her country home her mothers' meetings and gatherings of a similar character are largely attended; and it was the Duchess of Sutherland who originated the annual sales in London of homespun, tweeds and other fabrics produced by Scotch Cottagers. The manufacturers of British silk have also found her a warm patron, and both by precept and example she has greatly influenced the use of materials of English make in preference to those from foreign countries.

The loss of her little daughter was, in a measure, compensated for by the birth of a son and heir, George Granville Sutherland, Earl Gower, upon whom the honours and estates will eventually devolve.

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# TREASURES UNITED.

LEAVES FROM THE BUSH.

By EDWIN HUGHES, B.A.

*Author of "An Apostle of Freedom," &c.*

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**V**ERY pleasant was the sunshine and the rippling of the waters, and the souging of the sea-breeze in the blossom-laden wattles, and the foliage of the gum-trees flinging up their topmost branches till they seemed to strike the Heavens; and the welcome that they gave me in the island of Tasmania was so hearty that my holiday was one long round of pleasure.

That you may understand the story of the union of the treasures let me briefly tell you that my host Beresford had a curious casket which I had accidentally succeeded in opening, after it had baffled all his efforts. In this casket I found several papers, one of which related how a great quantity of bullion had been buried at the mouth of the River Pieman, by a man known as "The Duke," a man who had come down from Sydney with the express purpose of putting Beresford away, but who himself came to an untimely end as the result of a wound inflicted upon him when he was taken prisoner. This paper, moreover, set forth that the bullion had been found by "The Duke" on a vessel called the *Prairie Flower*, and that along with the gold was a box of jewels. The jewels he gave to a man who was with him at the time, and whom he had rescued from the hands of the prison officials at Port Arthur; the casket in which the papers were found, and the gold he buried, intending the latter to be used for the benefit of the children of one Sheldon, who had done his friend a terrible injury, but who was killed by "The Duke" on the very spot where the bullion was buried. Sheldon's children were the only living creatures on the *Prairie Flower* when she grounded on the bar at the mouth of the Pieman, and, as you will see, they had been picked up from the wreck of a ship called the *Falmouth*, in which they and their mother were coming out to join their father, and their identity was established when the boy saw and recognised his dead father. When "The Duke" died in Hobart Town he left a clue which led to the re-discovery of the bullion by Joe Tredgett, who afterwards became my client in England, and by Beresford, whose guest I now was. Tredgett, after dividing the gold with Beresford, found Sheldon's children in Melbourne and took them home to England as his own. Beresford had taken a fancy to the casket, and Tredgett gave it to him, little thinking what secrets it held, and when I found and read aloud the paper written by "The Duke" I could see that Beresford was deeply moved.

"'The Duke' was a fine fellow," he said; "and, believe me, Morris, I shall always bitterly regret my share in bringing about his death, even though it was by the merest accident that I wounded him. One thing seems pretty plain—Joe had no right to give any of the treasure away, and you must put that to him when you get to England," and then he fell to discussing the question of repayment as calmly as though it involved the restoring of so many farthings instead of pounds, and had proof been wanting of the sterling nature of Joe Tredgett's character, it would have been afforded by the entire trust and confidence reposed in him by his old friend.

"I'll leave it all to Joe," said Beresford. "He'll tell me the right thing to do, and whatever he says, I'll abide by," and with those few words he shifted from off his own shoulders the responsibility of dealing with thousands of pounds.

"What have you there?" he asked, indicating the other papers that I had taken from the top of the casket. I took the papers up, and examined them closely. They were covered with a writing so small and cramped, that I could only decipher it with the utmost difficulty, but from what I could make out without a more thorough examination, I came to the conclusion that it was a log kept by someone on board the ill-fated *Prairie Flower*, and when I had settled down to the task of making a fair copy of it, Beresford bade me good-night, and left me to my labours.

My surmise proved correct, for the writer was Hubert McFarlane, the one-time skipper and part owner of the brig, *Prairie Flower*, which left Baltimore on the 1st of July, 18—, bound for China.

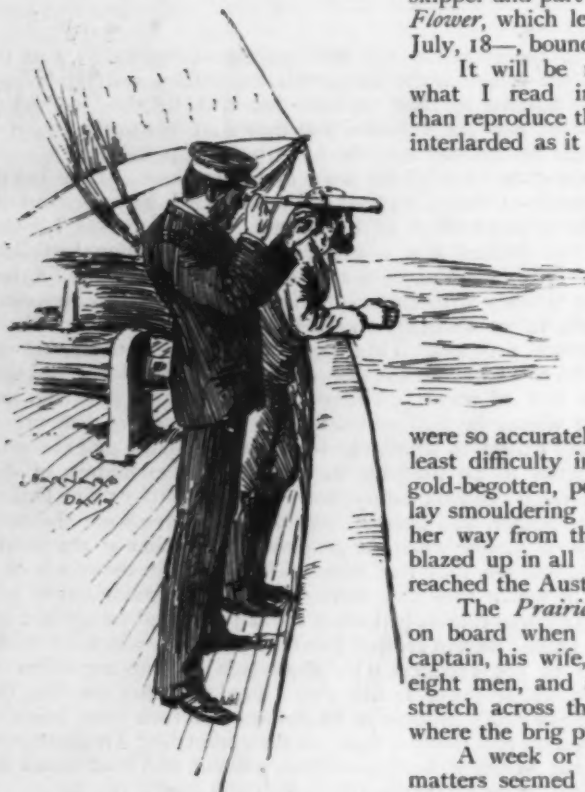
It will be more interesting if I cast what I read into narrative form, rather than reproduce the document in its entirety, interlarded as it was with nautical phrases,

that in these days of steamships would be but a meaningless jargon to most people. There were passages in it, however, that were most powerfully written, passages that revealed the workings of the writer's innermost soul, and, moreover, the most petty details

were so accurately noted, that I had not the least difficulty in realising to the full the gold-begotten, pent-up hell of passion that lay smouldering in the ship as she breasted her way from the Crozet Islands, and that blazed up in all its fell fury just before she reached the Australian coast.

The *Prairie Flower* had twelve souls on board when she started, namely—the captain, his wife, two mates, and a crew of eight men, and all went well in the long stretch across the Atlantic to Cape Town, where the brig put in for water.

A week or so after leaving the Cape matters seemed to go all wrong with them. The weather changed for the worse, the



"SAW THAT IT WAS A CUTTER"

wind blew up into a gale, and the leaky brig went drifting southward as though bent upon reaching the Pole. It was while beating their way back to their course that the men began to growl, and there were times when the first mate had all he could do to keep them from open mutiny, for although, as sailors say, it was a case of "more days, more dollars," the provisions were none too good, and the pumps were going day and night. They got a shift of wind at last, that allowed them to square their yards, and pushing the foam away from her bluff forefoot the old brig went rolling and surging on for Melbourne, where they intended to stop and see to the leaks.

One morning, when they were in the neighbourhood of the Crozet Islands, a man for'ard sang out that a small craft lay dead ahead, and when the Captain brought his glass to bear upon it he saw that it was a cutter of some twenty tons or thereabouts, with only the stump of her mast left standing, and rolling about in the trough of the sea in a way that showed she was under no control. When they boarded her they found her perfectly watertight, but not a creature, alive or dead, on deck or below, was there to be seen.

Someone must have been on board, however, when the mast was carried away, for there were marks in plenty on the gunwale and the deck where an axe had cut through the stays and rigging and let the wreck loose.

Below everything seemed in ship-shape order. The cabin was a roomy one, and on the table lay a chart, and when the Captain examined this later on he came to the conclusion, from the way in which it had been pricked, that the cutter had started from Melbourne, and the end of the zig-zag course she had taken was marked by a black spot, opposite to which were the figures  $46^{\circ}$  S.,  $51^{\circ} 32'$  E. If the breeze held they would reach this spot on the morrow, and wondering how so smart a craft had been left to drift to where she was, they took her in tow and cracked on all the canvas the brig would carry.

Early the next morning a low island loomed up over the bows, and keeping on under easy sail, for there were no signs of shoaling, they ran to within a quarter-of-a-mile of a small cove and found good anchorage. The Captain went ashore, taking two of the hands with him, and having hauled their boat up high and dry, they proceeded to explore. On reaching the top of a ridge that ran parallel to the shore they looked down upon a circular plateau of no very great size, and just below them was a long, low shed. I cannot but think, from the Captain's description of it, that the island was of volcanic origin, and that the forces which were responsible for its upheaval were somewhat of the same nature as those which brought about its submersion, for I have examined the latest charts available, and no trace of land is to be found on the spot indicated.

At one end of the shed was a small door, which, although locked, yielded to their united efforts, and they looked into a long low room, at the end of which was a partition that shut it off from the second room into which the shed was divided. In the far corner a rope was swinging loosely from a beam, and the noose at its end was terribly suggestive of the use to which it had been put. Moreover it hung exactly above the centre of an aperture that had once been closed by a trap door which had fallen downwards, and when presently the Captain peered down he could make out nothing by the dim light, but the first three or four rungs of the ladder that led below. It was useless to attempt to explore without a light, and so bidding the two men return to the ship, and bring a lantern, the Captain opened a door in the partition and proceeded to examine the other room.

Scattered about on benches were a number of utensils, the use of which was not at first apparent to him, but presently he made a discovery that opened his eyes as to their real nature—a discovery that was the beginning of the fearful end that overtook him, and those who left the island in the *Prairie Flower*. Lying amongst the crucibles—for crucibles they must have been—was something that looked like an ornament that had been bent and twisted, but which when he had

blown the dust from it, and had rubbed it on his sleeve, gave back the dull gleam of gold, and turned out to be a piece of antique setting.

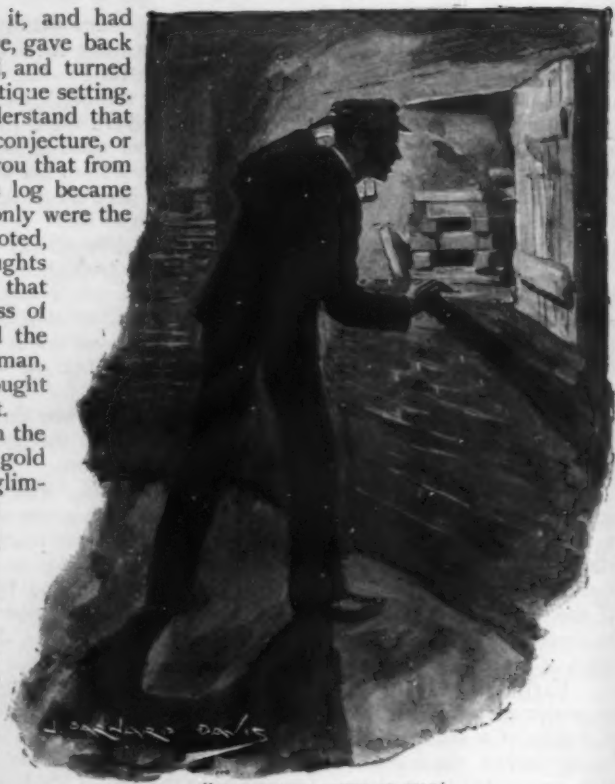
That you may understand that I am not writing from conjecture, or at hazard, I must tell you that from this point the Captain's log became a diary, in which, not only were the most trivial details noted, but also his very thoughts so carefully set down, that by the simplest process of deduction one can read the characters of the woman, and the five men who fought out that last bitter fight.

He says that with the finding of this piece of gold setting came the first glimmering of the idea that he might have hit upon the treasure-house of some smuggler, and so when the men came back with the lantern, he bade them explore the further side of the island, and having made sure of their departure, he descended the ladder, into the dark vault.

It was bricked on all sides, but in the further wall was a door somewhat like that fitted to a baker's oven, and when with some difficulty he had pulled this open, and the lantern had lit up the interior, he looked upon little stacks made of bricks laid across each other, bricks of gold; for what other metal but gold would men come to melt down in that dreary, desolate, out-of-the-way island? A great trembling fell upon him, and a fear lest the men might return. So after feasting his eyes for a minute or so, and handling one of the bars, he closed the door as gently as possible, and with scarcely a glance at the heap of bones that he had somehow missed seeing when he descended, and which lay near the foot of the ladder, he hurried up and out of the building, and, sitting on the side of the ridge, awaited the men. When he had told them, in as careless a manner as possible, that there was nothing to see in the vault, he heard from them that they had found a shanty built near a spring of very good water, and he was pleased at this, for it gave him a pretext for prolonging his stay, since fresh water was ever welcome in those days to ships on a long voyage.

And now at this point it becomes evident that if ever a man possessed a wife modelled on the lines of Lady Macbeth, this man did; for no sooner had he, in the quiet of his cabin, disclosed his discovery than she at once, and from that time forth, became the leading spirit in determining and carrying out the plans whereby the bullion should become theirs and theirs only.

She feigned illness, and gave out that a two or three days' rest on shore would set her up, and acting upon her suggestion the captain proposed that, as the place



"LOOKED UPON BRICKS OF GOLD"

seemed suitable and the tides very high, the vessel should be beached and the leaks overhauled; and, to be brief and to avoid uninteresting details, they went to work with a will and made the brig fairly water-tight before the next night. Then the men, with a plentiful supply of spirits and provisions, landed in the long-boat and took up their quarters in the hut by the spring, and lest their curiosity might tempt them to stray to the sheds, and perhaps find the treasure, the captain went with them and started the feasting and drinking. There was one little hitch in the proceedings. The first mate elected to stand by the ship, although the glass pointed to "set fair," and there was no earthly need of keeping watch. This was a difficulty, but a difficulty that was got over in a truly Lady Macbethian style. The medicine chest furnished a liberal supply of laudanum, and the parting glass before the captain and his wife went ashore supplied the opportunity, and when the mate lay down to sleep that night it was to a much longer rest than usual.

When the noisy revels on the other side of the island had died down into the sounds of drunken slumber, and when sufficient time had elapsed for the sleeping draught to have taken a fair hold of the mate, the shipment of the bullion began.

Twice had the boat made its journey to and fro without let or hindrance, the Captain and his wife stowing away the gold in those very same tea-chests in which "The Duke" found it.

They were taking the last bar from the safe when they heard a stealthy tread on the floor above, so quiet indeed that but for the abnormal quickening of their senses they had never noticed it; and in the one swift glance upward before the light was "doused," they saw that however quiet the tread might be it must yet be that of a heavy man from the way in which the boards gave beneath him.

Silent and rigid as statues they stood, and with straining ears tracked the sound of the step to the door, and so out on to the sward beyond. Then the woman touched her husband's arm, and taking his hand ran it over the pistol she held in her's, and bringing her lips close to his ear whispered, "Stand still." Five minutes passed, and then he heard her speaking to him from the trap-door.

"He's gone! You can light up again!" and presently when she joined him she muttered, as they packed in the last bar: "It was Du Croz! Mark him! He's gone back to the other men!" and without further adventure they got the last consignment aboard and stowed it with the rest in an empty berth. On that last trip they brought away the very casket in which the papers were found, and it was some days before they had anything like a perfect idea of the enormous wealth that the *Prairie Flower* carried away with her.

Fate seemed to play into their hands, for the next morning and before the mate had shaken off the effects of the opiate, a deputation waited upon them and intimated that the men had found their quarters so pleasant that they proposed, with the Captain's consent (and their manner of putting it plainly indicated "with or without"), to remain ashore another night; and in order that they might bestow themselves comfortably, they requested a further supply of spirits and provisions. With a well-feigned reluctance the Captain granted the required leave and furnished them with supplies, urged thereto by his wife, who had already hatched out her plans. The day wore on, and towards the afternoon the breeze freshened from off shore. It was three o'clock when Du Croz and two other seamen came to the beach and hailed the brig, and a strange story they had to tell when they had been brought off. The seamen ashore, egged on by the second mate, had arranged to mutiny, murder the first mate and the Captain, and sail the seas as rovers.

This yarn must have originated in the fertile brain of the big French Canadian, Du Croz, though he was careful not to act as spokesman, and the Captain would never have pretended to believe it had it not suited his book to do so, for a sorry crew of pirates would they have been, plunging and heaving about in that old four-cornered brig that had scarcely pace enough to catch a turtle.

So, into the cutter that still lay astern, they threw four or five empty casks, and

a goodly supply of food, some spare sails, spars and fishing tackle, and towed her ashore, and without more ado, and apparently in fear and trepidation, they cut their cable and slipped away to sea. And very soon, by imperceptible degrees those six people drifted into two distinct parties, the Captain, his wife and the mate forming one, and Du Croz and the two sailors the other.

Reading the entries that were made in the log day by day one cannot fail to see how the lust of gold ate deeper and deeper into the writer's heart, and how the "still small voice of conscience" gradually grew so faint, that at last it went out altogether and left him, who mayhap had once been a kindly man, ready to do battle and murder for the gold he had gotten so unexpectedly. Under easy canvas, for they could make no great show with their few hands, the brig held on for the Australian coast. It is all set out in minute detail how the watches were kept, and how the Captain's wife took her turn at the wheel, and how, through it all, Du Croz's cunning prevented them from taking him by surprise, a cunning that was only equalled by the woman's, who had matched her wits against his.

They had been out some ten days or so from the Crozets when the Captain's wife discovered the secret of the casket, and on entering their berth McFarlane found her running her fingers through and through a heap of gems, and pouring them from hand to hand as though she were pouring streams of sparkling fire. For their greater safety they removed them to the flat tin box in which "The Duke" found them, and which the Captain from that time always carried in an inner pocket, and it speaks volumes for the woman's strength of mind, that she could rise superior to the natural desire of having and holding, and entrust the jewels to her husband's care.

They had not as yet taken the mate into their confidence. Some vague hints they had thrown out, as to Du Croz's being mixed up with the mutineers; but as Fuller—Tom Fuller was the mate's name—shared their meals with them, and had his berth in the after deck-house, he naturally took the side of the Captain and his wife.

But soon an event happened which compelled them to tell him the truth—or rather as much of it as suited their purpose—and it is a great tribute to the honest nature of the man, that these two felt able to trust him as they did, and it was owing to his fidelity to them that he undoubtedly lost his life; and painful as is the story of passions engendered by the lust for gold, it is yet pleasant to think upon, that one at least of those six persons was untouched by the *amor nummi*.

The event to which I have alluded occurred in the middle watch of the night, when one of the sailors was supposed to be at the wheel and the other two on deck. The Captain and the mate had turned in, but the woman was



"RUNNING HER FINGERS THROUGH"

on the look-out. It was a comparatively quiet night, and the brig should have been steady, for the wind had drawn nearly abeam, but soon by the rolling of the vessel the watcher knew that the course must have been altered, and there came to her sharp ears the creak of a yard as it swung square. "Were they going to attack?" she wondered, "and should she call her husband and the mate?" But the woman's courage and nerve were of the highest order, and with every faculty quickened, she stood and listened. Now and then she could hear a slight noise, that but for its regularity, and the even break in its continuity, she might have mistaken for the creaking of the timbers, and so acute was her sense of hearing, that presently she located it as coming from the floor of the berth where they had stowed the treasure. Moving with a tread that a cat might have envied, so noiseless and so stealthy was it, and opening the door without the slightest noise, for lock, key, and groove had been well-oiled, she bent down and listened, and in less than five seconds she knew that someone below was using an auger, and such was her self-control, that she fixed upon the spot where the instrument would pierce the deck, and that was exactly beneath one of the gold-laden chests.

Then she called her husband, and together they watched, and such was the steady upward pressure that they saw the lift of the heavy chest at each turn of the auger handle.

"Go and see," she whispered, "why they have altered the brig's course," and when presently the Captain's voice was heard speaking loudly to the man at the wheel, the noise of the boring suddenly ceased, and some time after, when with infinite labour, they had succeeded in getting the chest out from amongst the others, and had turned it over, they saw that the auger had pierced one of the bars of gold, and from the jagged edges it had left, it was plain that it must have carried away enough of the metal to tell the man who used it, that he had, either by accident or design, tapped their secret. So they called the mate in, and when he heard their story, he promptly promised them his help, and for standing by them he wanted no further reward than his wages.

"Whatever they had found was theirs," said he. "It was the skipper's place to order, and his to obey."

And on and on went the brig, making her way more and more northward until she ran into the steady breeze that swelled her sails, and left them no need to touch tack or sheet. And every day the line of separation between the two parties became more and more marked, and every night the stars came out and looked down on the silent figure at the wheel, and the two untiring watchers, ever on the look-out for the moment when the deadly strife should begin.

And one night, when the strain upon them had well-nigh driven them mad, they saw away on the verge of the horizon that most awful and yet most magnificent spectacle, a ship on fire; and the skipper, prompted by the feelings of humanity that yet smouldered within him, laid the brig's head for the burning vessel, and for a few minutes both parties seemed to forget their feud.

But no sooner were the sails trimmed and the brig steady on her course, than they fell back into their old attitude of watchfulness. So slowly did the *Prairie Flower* sail, that long before they could reach the spot the other ship had burned to the water's edge; and when at last the Captain ordered the jolly-boat away, Du Croz from the one side and the mate from the other manned it, and brought back as the sole survivors of those who had gone down to the sea in that ship, Sheldon's two children. The rest of the wretched passengers and the crew must have perished, for although the brig lay to until morning, no signs of any boat were to be seen, and the Captain's search was the keener, inasmuch as had he picked up any survivors his own position would have been the stronger, since those whom he rescued would naturally have sided with him.

Had that woman ever borne children, the warm, clinging embrace of the baby child and its wailing cry of "mother" had surely reached her heart and turned her

from her purpose; but though she gave it food and soothed it to sleep, there ran through her mind even as she sang a lullaby, the steps of the scheme whereby in a few days' time she should be rid of Du Croz and his mates for ever.

And how that elder child must have been chilled by the dreary monotony of it all, and how he must have clung to the only one of them that had time to give him a kind word—Tom Fuller, the Tom that he "couldn't wake" when "The Duke" found him.

It was the jolly-boat that "The Duke" had seen towing astern, provisioned and equipped, and why she was in that condition can be only matter for surmise, for very shortly after the narrative of the rescue of the children, the log closed abruptly, and the concluding portions of it are in a woman's handwriting.

"Why my husband has been fool enough to write all this I don't know, neither do I know when he found time to do it. I shall screw this up in the casket, and some day when I have leisure I shall read it through, and then I shall burn it, box and all, for who knows whether it mightn't be recognised, and once I get the treasure into my safe keeping I shan't give it up for man or devil!"

They were close now to the Australian coast, and the last awful scene must have been played out the night before the brig grounded.

Who shall say how it came about?

Whatever the beginning of it may have been, the end we know. And on sailed the brig

through the soft summer night, the one child wailing its heart out in the lonely cabin, and the other asleep on the wounded bosom of the man whom he had loved, and who had died doing his duty.

And so on to the bar of the Pieman River, and then once more to sea sailed the *Prairie Flower*, and of those who went down with her, but one had put the Demon of Greed behind him.

Sleep on, honest Tom! Sleep on! lulled in the lap of ocean; and awake with the knowledge of duty faithfully done, awake to face the Great Commander on the day when the final order shall go forth "to pipe all hands" and the sea shall give up her dead!

I have already mentioned that "The Duke" belonged to a secret society, and before I unfold the leaf that will tell you how that society was utterly broken up by



"SANG A LULLABY."

Beresford's skill and courage, I should like to take you back to England for a little while.

We know where the bullion went to. What became of the jewels? Let me briefly tell you.

Captain Tredgett on one of his trips to America—for he was in charge of a crack liner—fell in love with one of his passengers and nothing was wanting to complete their bliss—for the love was reciprocated—but the consent of the young lady's father—and this was refused until that gentleman had had an interview with the elder Tredgett.

"If," said he, "when your father and you, Captain Tredgett, have heard what I have to say, you still press for my consent I shall willingly give it. I should also like your solicitor to hear what I have to say."

As soon as I landed in England I sent Joe word of my arrival, telling him that I had something important to communicate, and strangely enough I was just in time to be present at the dinner that my genial old client insisted on giving, for argued he, "Englishmen, and for the matter of that most men, behave more kindly towards each other when their legs are under the hospitable mahogany, and when their hearts have been warmed by good cheer."

Mary Ralston—the girl to whom the Captain had lost his heart—was not of the party, and the few minutes that I spent in the drawing-room before dinner was announced, were taken up with having my arm nearly wrung off by Joe, and with being introduced to Mr. Ralston, so that I had no chance of giving them the veriest inkling of the news that I had to tell.

Dinner was over, and Mrs. Tredgett had retired, when the butler stalked in with a square black bottle.

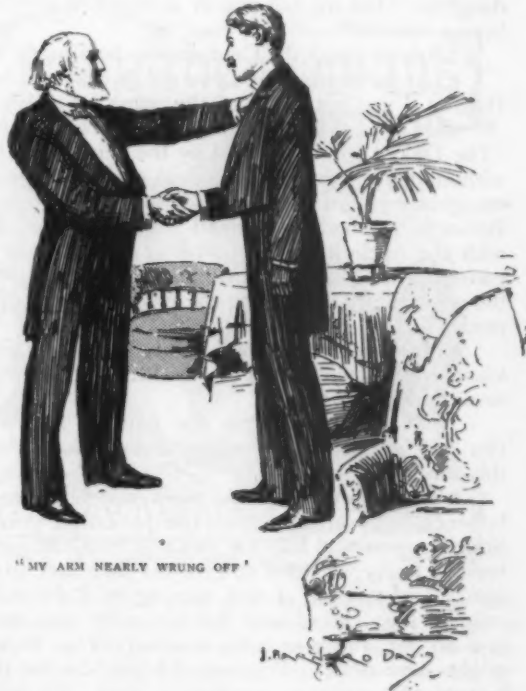
"You'll excuse me, Mr. Ralston," said Joe, and I noticed that he was giving us the benefit of his very best diction, though to be sure he now and then lapsed into his old Australian form. "You'll excuse me, but I always have a drop of this after dinner. It's a habit I got into when I was abroad, and I can't break myself of it. Please don't spare the claret. Jack, set the wine going."

Ralston fidgetted with his dessert knife, and the silence was becoming irksome when the Captain broke in.

"Father," said he, "Mr. Ralston has something to tell us, and I daresay you are as anxious to hear it as I am."

Then Ralston found his voice.

"Captain Tredgett, you have done my daughter the honour of asking her hand in marriage, and I may be doing wrong in raising an obstacle thereto; but there is that in my past life for which, if it came out when you and she were man and wife, you would never forgive me, and you might visit the fault of the father on the



daughter. Let me tell you in a very few words the facts of my past life. I have been a convict!"

"I don't care," the Captain was beginning, when the other stopped him.

"Let me finish before you speak. I have been a convict I repeat, but, before Heaven, I was not guilty of the crime for which I was condemned."

And then I listened, as in a dream, to the story of Sheldon's villainy, and of "The Duke's" devotion, told by the very man whom "The Duke" had rescued, told without names, though even had they been mentioned Tredgett would not have recognised it until the narrator came to relate what happened at Pieman River. Before he reached that point I ruthlessly interrupted him, and as I did so I noticed with the liveliest satisfaction that the Captain slipped away from the room. I guessed what his errand was, and his absence pleased me, because it would give me the opportunity of making the very awkward disclosures that I saw must now be made.

"Mr. Tredgett," I said, "this gentleman is telling you a history of which I know every detail, for I have read it as it was penned by the hand of the man who saved him."

And then I took up the parable, and I think I never in my life saw two old gentlemen more astonished than they were. And I finished up in this way:—

"The man who left the room just now was the very boy who almost saw his father killed. Mr. Tredgett, the Jack that you love so well, and so deservedly, is Sheldon's son, and it is for you now to plead for him, and to ask this man who has been so foully wronged to give his daughter to the son of the man who wronged him. And you, sir," I said, turning to Ralston, "you loved the man whom I have called 'The Duke,' and for his sake you would forgive much. What would you do for the man who soothed 'The Duke's' last moments as a brother might have done? What would you do for the man who saved him from the hangman?"

"God helping me," said he, "I would do him all the good that lay in my power."

"Then," said I, "it was Joe Tredgett who did this, and for his sake I ask your consent to this marriage. Let the name of Sheldon be buried for ever, and let your daughter marry Captain John Tredgett!"

"No! Jack!" roared the old man. "Jack he allus was, and Jack he shall be!"

"Then Jack be it!" said Ralston, and even as the two old men's hands met, the door opened and in came the Captain with Mrs. Tredgett on one arm, and on the other the most charming girl I had ever seen.

"Jack, my boy!" said old Tredgett, "I haven't given Mr. Ralston his answer yet, but, by George, you have. Come, my gal, give me a kiss!" and with that kiss the treasures were united, the jewels and the bullion had come together again!

I bethought me of Beresford waiting, far away, for Joe's decision, and with something of a lawyer's subtlety I determined to put the question now, and so to the listening group I gave the message.

"Jack's got to decide that," said the old gentleman, "for his sister died on the way home."

"Well, I leave it to Mary!" said the Captain.

"And I," said the blushing girl, "know nothing about it, and so you must decide, Mr. Tredgett."

"Must I?" said Joe. "Then all I say is, 'Enery, God bless him, shall keep what he's got!'"



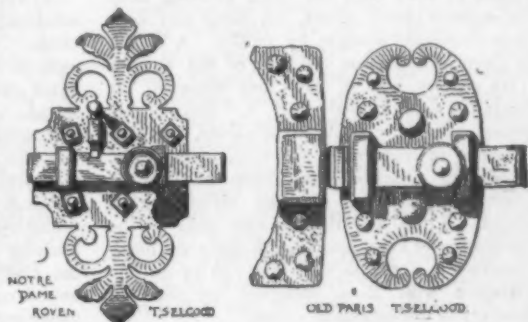
#### A CHAT ABOUT CURIOUS DOOR-FITTINGS.

**D**O we ever reflect in the hurry and bustle of the *fin de siècle* how little most of us know concerning the history and origin of the common objects of every-day life, and which for generations have formed the household 'plenishings' of this and other nations? Yet the simplest among them can teach us many useful lessons, and help to form our ideas of the manners, habits and customs of those who have long since passed over to the majority, though their handiwork remains to testify to their ingenuity and industry.

Ironwork, of course, may be divided into many branches, but it is sufficient for our purpose to deal at the present moment with the locks and bolts of Mediæval times, which appear from the specimens now in existence, to have been constructed with a view to contradicting the old proverb, "Love laughs at locksmiths," and of confounding Cupid and his votaries. Previous to the use of iron for such purposes, wood overlaid with precious metal was frequently employed, in addition to bars and bolts. Even Nehemiah, in building the walls of Jerusalem, B.C. 445, speaks of "the doors and locks and bars thereof." A primitive kind of wooden lock still maintains its ground in Egypt and other parts

of the East, and an example may be seen in the gallery devoted to door-fittings in the South Kensington Museum. In Monsieur Liger's interesting work, "La Ferronnerie," there is evidence to show that iron was produced in blast furnaces all through the Roman and Greek periods. The Assyrians and Egyptians were also skilled workers in metal. Owing to the dampness of our climate, and the rust which doth corrupt, there are only a few examples existing in this country of iron manufactured during the Roman occupation of Britain; one of these, however, happens to be a hasp and escutcheon discovered on the excavation of a villa at Hartlip.

Perhaps there is no object in iron so fre-

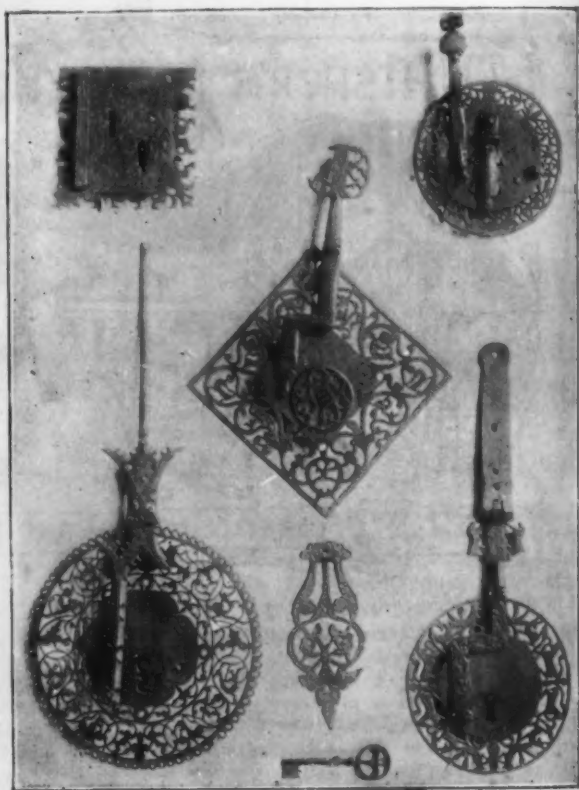


ANCIENT BOLTS ON NOTRE DAME, ROUEN, AND ON OLD HOUSE, PARIS

quently preserved as the hinge, which probably owes its present existence to having been closely affixed to wood, and on account of its being in some cases gilded, tinned, or protected by paint. They served to strengthen castle, church, and sanctuary doors, which might at any moment be besieged by hordes intent on pillage and slaughter. Straps and conventional tracery were favourite designs, but occasionally a horseshoe pattern was introduced—a form sometimes used in homage to St. Martin, the patron of wayfarers. It is possible that the belief in the lucky horseshoe may be traced to this saint. On very ancient doors symbolical figures appear, which, doubtless, took their origin from the fact that the Danes sometimes nailed the skins of their enemies on the entrance to the church. Serpents, Viking ships, crosses, crescents, and similar emblems are also to be found on antique specimens of wood-work. The iron-work on the Cathedral doors at Durham is particularly fine, and includes a quaint sanctuary knocker, consisting of an iron mask with open mouth and eyes, through which gleamed the light of a candle in bygone days, for the guidance of those seeking the protection of the Church.

After the Norman Conquest there does not appear to have been the same pressing need for armour-plated doors, but locks and keys were cunningly wrought by smiths. A sketch is given of a curious old lock of the 12th or 13th century, now in the Cluny Museum. It bears the sacred initials I. H. S. Keys of this period show architectural divisions, and are chiselled in high relief, with ornaments on the handles or a centre boss. Some of them are perfect masterpieces in their elaboration of detail. Little attention is now paid to the decoration of keys, and though there are many varieties in common use, they can in no way compare with those designed by the old masters of the locksmith's craft.

One of the most valuable keys of modern times is in the possession of Count Adolphe



GERMAN LOCKS OF 16TH CENTURY IN THE BIRMINGHAM MUSEUM

de Rothschild, of Vienna. It bears the arms of the Strazzi family, and is attributed to Benvenuto Cellini, who lived in the 16th century. It is chiselled out of a block of steel, and consists of two female figures. It is also ornamented with masks, scrolls, &c.

A key belonging to the Medici family is exhibited at South Kensington, and is of great value. The upper portion of the bow rests upon a square temple, enclosing a standing figure beautifully chiselled, and holding a shield. The pipe is in the form of a column with a Corinthian capital. Another historical key, that of the Staunton Tower, is preserved at Belvoir Castle, the seat of the Duke of Rutland, and according to ancient custom is presented to the reigning sovereign if a visit is made to the Castle. The wards of this key are the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, united on a pedestal. The cap of dignity, crest, and ducal coronet are also introduced.

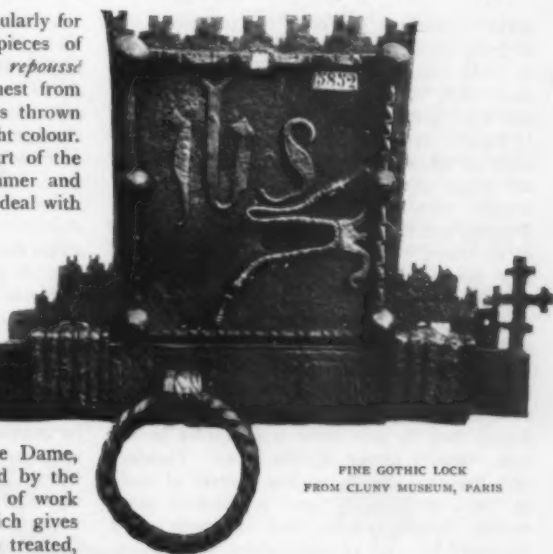
Damascening, or inlaying one metal with another, was frequently used for decorative

purposes in the Middle Ages, particularly for the locks of cabinets and other pieces of domestic furniture. Perforated and *repoussé* sheet ironwork was also in great request from the 15th century, and the former was thrown into relief by a backing of some bright colour. This was a transition period in the art of the smith, who no longer relied on hammer and heat to work his metal, but began to deal with cold iron by the aid of file, saw, vice, drill, and other implements of a similar character, after which the pieces were bolted or riveted together. A

good example of pierced work is given in a knocker upon the Porte

Cochère of an old house, near Notre Dame, Paris, and *repoussé* work is illustrated by the small lock plates. Richer specimens of work combine sheet iron and forging, which gives additional strength to the article thus treated, and was well adapted to the central rings used for closing doors, and which were certainly more artistic and better suited to the purpose than their degenerate descendant the knob.

The introduction of bells has almost put an end to the use of the knocker, but occasionally one may find in old English and Continental towns, remote from the track of the tourist, quaint and interesting work which ancient craftsmen have spent much time and labour in



FINE GOTHIC LOCK  
FROM CLUNY MUSEUM, PARIS

perfecting. The best, however, must be sought for in museums; and many beautiful patterns may be studied at leisure by those who visit and appreciate our priceless Art Gallery at South Kensington. One knocker is especially worthy of attention. It is of hammered iron of the 15th century, and of Italian workmanship. Under a Greek temple, supported by pillars is a figure of Cupid bearing a scroll, on which is engraved the word "Salve." Could any prettier welcome for the visitor be devised? Besides, this work of art possesses the triple merits of being solid, beautiful and suggestive of the warmth of one's reception.

The malleability, ductility and strength of iron has rendered it one of the most useful metals we possess, and it is an important feature in architectural work. The straightforwardness and energy of the Mediaeval mind was in sympathy with the properties of iron, and prompted a proper use of it. Thus massive designs were used, and no one dreamed of employing such a material for reproducing realistic leaves and flowers, or delicate foliage, which eventually become traps for dust and corruption. Various examples are still to be met with (and studied to advantage by those who desire to cultivate their taste), varying from extreme simplicity to the utmost richness. The old Flemish and German towns and the North of Europe, particularly Scandinavia, which is a vast storehouse of antiquities, will prove happy hunting grounds for those interested in this subject, and who desire to



S<sup>T</sup> PAUL'S T. S. ELCOOD Del

LOCK ON DOOR IN NORTH TRANSEPT, ST. PAUL'S

make collections for profit or pleasure. In judging ancient work we should always bear in mind that the modern smith can buy his iron ready rolled, while those who preceded him were compelled to beat out every section by hand. Mr. J. Starkie Gardner, in whose book on this subject so many interesting details are given, states that the old-time artizan, for simple work, obviously prepared his own designs, and thoroughly grasped all the details of his trade. "When some unusually important occasion demanded fine workmanship it was not the man with local claims who obtained the commission, but the best man available, and we find smiths brought from a distance and maintained in London or elsewhere if required until the work was accomplished."\* It must not, however, be supposed that the Briton had in any sense a monopoly in the iron industry of the Middle Ages. Flanders and Brabant were important centres of trade in the 15th century, and a hundred years earlier Bruges, Ghent and Brussels were inhabited by wealthy ironworkers, whose state and magnificence appears to have equalled that of some of the European Courts of the period. Neither were Ypres, Louvain, or Mechlin far behind, and the importance of Antwerp may be gathered from the fact that this port received 2,500 ships at one time, 500 entering on a single day. It may certainly be taken for granted that what was produced in such large quantities in these places would find a ready sale in all the accessible marts of Europe, and would influence the productions of distant countries. "Smithing appears, however, to have been brought to the greatest perfection in the Low Countries by the Matsys of Louvain. The unique position of the head of the family, Josse Matsys, is proved by his holding the posts of architect and clockmaker, as well as blacksmith, to the Municipality—appointments he would never have received had not his work been of the highest excellence."

#### BANK HOLIDAY—A REMINISCENCE.

'Arry and 'Arriet are very prominent features in a London Bank Holiday crowd. You see them climbing to the garden-seats of omnibuses with a supreme disregard for the proprieties.

\* My sincere thanks are due to Mr. T. S. Elgood, of the firm of Elgood Brothers, metal workers, Leicester, for the excellent pen and ink sketches of ancient ironwork used for illustrating this article. I must also express my indebtedness to Whitworth Waller, Esq., of the Birmingham Art Gallery and Museum, by whose permission the German locks were reproduced.

They cannon against you at stations in their wild career after trains which will take them to Brighton, Ramsgate, or Southend. They sit in the bow of penny steamboats gazing rapturously into each other's eyes, while willing arms entwine supple waists, and feet beat time to the soft strains emitted by antiquated concertinas. The river steamers are a priceless boon to the masses of Modern Babylon. The fares even for a family party do not put too great a strain on the finances of the bread-winner, and to glide gently down the stream accompanied by those who are nearest and dearest is the closest approach to Elysium that he is ever likely to experience in this hard work-a-day world. On such boats may generally be seen the respectable artizan, the partner of his joys and sorrows, hostages to fortune too numerous to mention, and a good-natured, but slightly inebriated, mother-in-law, whose quaint antics afford considerable amusement to the bystanders. A young clerk, with his wife of a twelvemonth holding a tiny infant in her arms, and bearing traces of a fierce struggle to make both ends meet on an inelastic income of £80 per annum. Tommy Atkins escorting his latest flame, who is evidently the envy, if not the admiration, of her less fortunate sisters. Here a man broken in health and fortune, there a hobbledehoy on the brink of manhood, and full of animal life. On the one side a woman of mature years, on whose deep-lined countenance hopeless gloom has settled, on the other a youthful maiden absolutely devoid of charm and grace.

The food these people eat, and the clothes they wear, are also worthy of attention. Is it possible that the human anatomy is capable of assimilating wedges of cold pudding, doubtful looking sausages, bloaters, and shrimps of the commonest description, slices of fat bacon, and oranges and nuts *ad lib*?

Are the threadbare gowns of shoddy serge, cashmere, and velveteen to be compared with the neat peasant costume of other nations? And do the ill-cut suits of flaring plaid become the manly forms of Britons? A thousand times no, must be the unexpressed thought of many. Yet they do not seem to pall upon the wearers, and evidently 'Arry is to 'Arriet, notwithstanding these trifling drawbacks, the hero of her dreams, and for his part he would not change his "bloomin' 'Arriet" for the latest Society beauty arrayed like the Queen of Sheba when she visited Solomon.

Though Bank Holidays are a weariness of the flesh to those who have ample leisure, they fulfil their part in the world's economy. A whole day in the open air is a luxury not

to be despised. To wander at will through the palatial apartments at Hampton Court, or to saunter through the grassy glades which surround it, is an education in itself, and the painted hall at Greenwich lined with seascapes, the chapel with its dim religious light, and the Naval Museum (more particularly that part of it containing the Franklin Relics), afford food for conversation for a twelvemonth to come.

Let us then, when our cherished privacy is rudely assailed at frequent intervals by a noisy but good-natured crowd, have patience and refrain from vowing vengeance on Sir John Lubbock and his followers.

#### FASHIONS AND FRIPPERIES.

Many lovely gowns prepared for the London

Season have made their appearance, and the park on a sunshiny day reminds one of an exquisitely blended kaleidoscope. Colours sometimes of Oriental richness tone well with blue skies and delicate foliage as yet untouched by the dust and contamination of a great city; and when sitting beneath the trees which shade Rotten Row one can enjoy many of the pleasures of the country without incurring its disadvantages; for the most enthusiastic admirers of Nature, who act up to their principles and bury themselves in some rural hamlet far from the busy hum of humanity, must feel sooner or later how

much they miss from a social, literary and artistic point of view, and how void of interest are their lives compared with those of the denizens of town. The parks, squares and other tracts of cultivated land make London one of the healthiest places in the world for a permanent residence, a fact which is proved by the low death-rate which is maintained throughout the year. Let anyone who disputes the charms of the metropolis walk through Hyde Park or Kensington Gardens on a bright May morning. Brilliant sunshine

and a gentle breeze, combined with exercise, invigorate body and mind, and the senses are intoxicated by balmy air perfumed with flowers. Where could one find a prettier scene than is spread before us as we stand on the bridge which spans the Serpentine, or two handsomer thoroughfares than those stretching from Hyde Park Corner to Kensington or from the Marble Arch to Notting Hill, which bound the Park on either side? May, lilac and laburnum, chestnuts breaking into bloom and thrown into relief by the dark-leaved copper beech and the rich green which characterises the foliage of the elm, fascinates the eyes by their breadth of colouring. Every branch of gardening is represented, and everything done that man can devise for enriching a spot which has already been amply endowed by Nature, and which can



HOUSE DRESS



VISITING GOWN

be enjoyed by rich and poor alike. This equally applies to Regent's Park, the Green Park, Battersea Park and many similar places; while those who choose to pay a moderate fee can enjoy the advantages of private enclosures and such gardens as those of the Botanic and Zoological Societies. A desire for a healthy out-door life has been cultivated in the English people during the last few years by such exhibitions as have been held at Kensington and Earl's Court, and as the large wheel at the latter place is nearly completed,

we shall soon be able to take a bird's-eye view of the metropolis at an altitude hitherto undreamed of.

But to return to chiffons, which are as necessary for our outward adorning as are the simple pleasures of life for our mental refreshment. The garb which at the present moment drapes the female form divine, though beautiful in texture and rich in colouring, is not distinguished for dignity of form. The widening skirt, protruding sleeves, and capes overloaded with trimming, and broader than they are long, may protect the body from inclemencies of climate, but can hardly be regarded as clothing it with grace. The sketches given are modifications of the prevailing modes and may well engage the attention of those who desire to follow rather than lead the fashion. To be a pioneer in this direction necessitates an unlimited expenditure in the first place, and an absolute disregard in the second for simplicity of outline. Eccentricities are not good form, but they are in nine cases of ten *fashionable*, and with the majority of women that magic word seems to cover a multitude of sins. A black evening gown is an important attribute in every lady's wardrobe, and serves for a variety of purposes. A combination of satin lace and jet looks well, and remains fresh for a considerable time, besides offering many possibilities when it is judiciously relieved by different flowers in season, or by garnitures of ribbon of varying tints. Chantilly is well adapted for such a purpose and to be preferred to Spanish and other heavy laces. Of course, such a gown looks smarter if made over a coloured satin foundation; pale green or *vieux rose* are particularly effective, but for general utility black is to be recommended. A more elaborate gown, which is equally appropriate for dinner, the theatre, or a small dance is given in another sketch. This dainty toilet is composed of pale blue bengaline, and has



DINNER DRESS



THEATRE GOWN

sleeves of striped *miroir* velvet, edged with pleated chiffon. The corsage is trimmed in a novel manner with bows and long ends of turquoise brocade and a narrow fold of the same appears at the waist.

For "At Homes," receptions, and gatherings of that nature, trained skirts are in demand, but where there is a prospect of dancing, are allowed only to just rest upon the ground, and though never so graceful are much more convenient for the purpose. A charming gown of moss green *crêpon*, with puffed sleeves and trimmings of *broché* the same shade, is made with a full plain skirt and short bodice reaching to the waist. The neck is finished with a closely-pleated ruffle and bows and small rosettes are placed on the shoulders and bust. A useful walking costume is of fine brown tweed, embroidered at the edge of skirt, with chenille of a somewhat darker colour. The short-pleated cape is similarly treated, and lined with silk to match, and the little brown straw toque has bows of velvet and upstanding plumes of feathers. For the warm weather the freshest of cotton dresses, elaborately trimmed with lace, with coarse straw hats to match, wreathed with roses (so cunningly wrought that one might imagine they were freshly gathered, were it not for their lasting qualities), have been prepared for those who are still in the days of their youth. These have sunshades *en suite*.

Though simple enough in appearance they are in fact more costly than thin woollen materials which do not necessitate elaborately frilled petticoats, or require periodical visits to the cleaner's. For the cotton gown of this year of grace, 1895, is a very different garment to that which satisfied our immediate female ancestors, and is quite beyond the powers of the average British laundress, who is still far behind her French sister both in methods and manipulation.



"By sports like these are all their cares  
beguiled,  
The sports of children satisfy the child."  
GOLDSMITH.

*The Ludgate Children's Bond of Union has been instituted for the purpose of encouraging the young sons and daughters of our readers to take a lively and active interest in the welfare of their poorer neighbours, and to stimulate them to co-operate in various forms of useful work. Full particulars of the working of this scheme are given in the LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE for March, 1895.*

#### RULES.

1. Boys and girls desirous to become members of the Ludgate Children's Bond of Union must be under seventeen years of age.
2. Each application for membership to be accompanied by a letter stating the age last birthday; to contain the coupon cut from this Magazine, and a postal order for one shilling.
3. All communications for "Florence" to be written on one side of the paper only, and a coupon to be enclosed. Parcels to be prepaid and addressed to her at the office of this Magazine, Temple House, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.
4. Put name and number of member above the address on the first page of each letter to save confusion, as there may be several members of the same name.

DEAR CHILDREN,—

It is with great pleasure I commence my third letter to you, for now I begin to feel we are quite old acquaintances, and as our interests are mutual I trust we shall always remain good friends.

Though some have kindly responded to my request for clothing for the benefit of those poor children we desire to send out of town this summer, I want you to recollect that we can not have too many members, and I sincerely hope that you will one and all exert yourselves to advance the good work we both have at heart. You, who are accustomed to an annual holiday in the country or sea-side, and have all the comforts and many of the pleasures of life, can hardly realise what it is to spend year after year in the hot and noisome slums of the city, amidst the most degrading surroundings and oftentimes without the necessary amount of food to keep a boy or girl in health.

But a week since I saw a police constable taking a child of only eight years away from a mother who was seldom sober, and who had terribly neglected this little waif and four brothers and sisters. They were daily turned into the streets to beg for a living, while she ill-used them in the most frightful manner, till they were pale and thin and almost starved to death. It is for such as these that homes and hospitals have been provided, but they are not large enough to accommodate a tithe of the children who appear to have no visible means of subsistence, and who are worse off than many animals. Children of tender years may be seen nightly sleeping on doorsteps, under railway arches, or in any nook or corner where they can find a temporary shelter. Think what a boon it would be to such as these to be provided for a week or a fortnight with board and lodging, which will be possible if you only put your shoulder to the wheel and help me with all your might and main. Every shilling I receive from you as Members of "The Bond of Union," will be devoted to charitable purposes, as the Editor has promised to defray all expenses in connection with the working of this scheme, besides offering a guinea prize to the boy or girl who obtains the greatest number of new members during the preceding month; so let me have your subscriptions of 1s. each and one article of clothing, which is the condition of membership, and remember in all cases these must be accompanied by the Coupon, and the carriage paid.

There are still many pages in the large album I spoke of, awaiting the portraits of my little friends. I wish to see it quite full, for then I shall know that many boys and girls are

interesting themselves in "The Bond of Union," and are really desirous to help others who have few to lend them a helping hand. Do not forget that you can write to me on every subject upon which you may want advice and that so far as lies in my power I shall always be ready to help you. Now, dear children,

Believe me, your sincere friend,

FLORENCE.



THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND

#### THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

I give this month the portrait of the young Queen who, by and bye, is destined to reign over the people of the Netherlands.

Queen Wilhelmina is the daughter of the late King of Holland, William III., and of his wife Emma, Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont. She has recently been with her mother on a visit to this country, but the greater part of her life has, of course, been spent at The Hague. Though only fifteen years of age she is a clever linguist, having mastered several European languages, under the care of English and French governesses. In her leisure hours as a young child she was devoted to dolls, and possessed one of the finest and most complete doll's houses ever made. Another favourite amusement was driving a little carriage to which six ponies were harnessed two abreast, and she also has a prettily appointed sailing-boat.

The Queen Regent of the Netherlands has always endeavoured to inculcate good and kindly sentiments, and to make her little girl a brave and worthy daughter of the House of Orange. Once when their horses ran away and the coachman was thrown from the box, although the Queens both escaped uninjured, this wise mother ordered fresh horses to be harnessed immediately, "for if we do not start again my daughter will learn the meaning of the word fear," said the Regent.

Childish things are now laid aside for more important matters, and the Dutch people look forward with pleasure to the time when this bright young Queen, with her sunshiny disposition, will reign over them in deed, not in name only.

Queen Wilhelmina is represented in the Dutch national costume, which is very picturesque.

# Dramatic Notes.

By FITZGERALD ARTHUR.

**N**OW that the fine weather is coming on folks are looking round for outdoor enjoyments. Easter has come and gone, and the holiday-seekers have shown no sign of diminution in numbers. Such places as the Aquarium, Crystal Palace, and Madame Tussaud's were crowded. Mr. Ritchie had provided a mammoth bill for his patrons, and truly it was a wonderful shilling's worth—twelve hours of one uninterrupted round of gaiety and variety, to say nothing of side-shows galore. It was a pleasing sight to see so many thousands of people thoroughly enjoying themselves, all light-hearted and merry, and none rowdy or disorderly. And yet there are those who would shut up our Aquarium and our other places of amusements.

Another place that received as much patronage as it could comfortably stow away twice during the day was at Olympia. Mr. Bolossy Kiralfy's great spectacular show has been much improved upon, and many new features have been added to the already fine exhibition. The galleries are replete with varied and interesting exhibits, and the amazement and bewilderment depicted on the countenances of many at the illusions to be seen, was wonderful. Some of the remarks explanatory as to how the shows were worked were startling in the extreme.

Some new, extensive, and beautiful grounds have been added since the first opening of Constantinople, and a real ice rink is a still further attraction; in fact, the directors hope to make it one of their greatest attractions. It is laid out on the principle of the Stoppani patents. It is claimed to be the largest real ice rink in the world and I do not

know where there is to be found a larger one; and, best of all, fancy prices are not being charged here, as they have been at a similar kind of entertainment elsewhere.

Some months ago I had a little to say about "Hansel and Gretel," which was produced as a Christmas show at Daly's Theatre. Since then great improvements have been made in it, and it has been transferred to the Princess's Theatre, under the management of Sir Augustus Harris. Sir Augustus has called to his aid the Royal Carl Rosa Opera Company, and now the caste is as it should be: every member artistic. The stage management, too, has undergone many needed improvements, and the result is that "Hansel and Gretel" is drawing packed houses to the Princess's daily. And yet we are told that this theatre is an unlucky one. So was the Royalty, yet "Charlie's Aunt," the biggest success of modern days, first saw the London footlights there.

"Hansel and Gretel" is by Herr Humperdinck, who, until this was produced, was practically an unknown man, but now, owing to the phenomenal success and notoriety gained by his composition throughout the Continent as well as in England, is "a man of some importance." The plot reminds one very forcibly of our own nursery story of "The Babes in the Wood." The play has the advantage of being both interesting to children by its story, and also fascinating to adults through its charming music.

Act I. shows us the interior of a wood-cutter's hut and his two children, Hansel and Gretel, are left at home while their parents are seeking



MADAME JULIA LENNON



MR. CHARLES COPLAND

money and work wherewith to feed their family. The surroundings show us that they are poor—very poor. Hansel finds that making brooms is very dull work and his sister, Gretel, fancies that knitting is also rather monotonous, so they decide to have a good romp; and they do. Mother suddenly arrives on the scene, unsuccessful in her search for food, and, being naturally irritable, goes for the children, and as a punishment sends them to the forest, the one to collect strawberries and the other to weave a garland of flowers. In the meantime, Peter, the father, arrives home in rather an elated condition, but this is the more excusable, in that he has found work, earned good money, and has brought home his basket laden with good things in the shape of meat and drink, not forgetting a bottle of schnapps. In the midst of his jubilation he misses the children, and on enquiry finds they have been sent to the forest. This at once sobers him, for he remembers that the forest is haunted by a witch who feeds on children, so he and his spouse hie them to the woods to seek their offspring.

Act II. brings us to the forest, where Hansel and Gretel, having finished their tasks, find they have wandered further than they thought and have lost themselves. They therefore make the best of the situation and settle down to rest, first saying their childish prayers. While asleep, they are visited by "The Sleep

Fairy," who, accompanied by her satellites, does as all good fairies do, puts her magic influence over the children; and thus ends the second act, by this fairy vision excellently produced and stage-managed by that master in stagecraft Sir Augustus Harris.

Act III. finds us still in the forest at "The Witch's Home." The children, still asleep, are visited by "The Dawn Fairy," who also breathes her magic spell over them. The children awake and discover this home of the Witch, before which are figures in chocolate and sweetmeats in abundance. To them comes the Witch, who casts her baneful and weird incantations over them, tries to bind Gretel, and succeeds in putting Hansel in a cage evidently kept for the purpose. She strives in vain to overcome the children, who evidently have received the necessary antidote to these incantations from the Fairies of Dawn and Sleep. The Witch lures the children to her den to see if the gingerbread is cooked, when the youngsters pitch the witch *holus bolus* into the gaping oven's mouth. The Witch is thus hoist with her own petard, an explosion takes place, and many of the other children who have been turned to mute objects by the Witch are, by her timely death, restored to life again. Peter's



MISS JESSIE HUDDLESTON



MISS MARIE ELBA

voice is heard, and he and his wife arrive to find that their dear children are safe, and the Witch a thing of the past, and thus ends this old fairy tale, once more very prettily told.

Of the music I cannot speak too highly, it is tuneful, melodious and harmonious, and is ably and carefully done justice to by a most excellent orchestra, under the bâton of no less a *chef d'orchestre* than Signor Arditì, while the artistes enter fully into the spirit of the play, and the result is the crowded houses that nightly visit the Princess's. Miss Marie Elba as Hansel and Miss Jeanne Douste as Gretel have most of the work, and right loyally do they do their duty. Miss Elba not only renders her different numbers to the entire satisfaction of everybody, but she also displays a decided talent for acting, a combination not always found in operatic singers. Miss Douste also is charming in her duets with Hansel, as also in the portions allotted to her. Mr. Charles Copland as Peter, is gifted with a grand voice, and his opening scene with the rollicky Tra-la-la chorus is one of the most successful items of the piece. Pity is that Mr. Copland has so little to do. Madame Julia Lennox makes a most matronly mother; while Miss Edith Miller makes the Witch as lifelike as possible. I know it is the custom, but why should a witch be dressed as a Welshwoman? Is it that these uncanny bodies originally hailed from the Principality? Miss Jessie Huddleston and Miss Marie Du Bedat are respectively the Dawn Fairy and the Sleep Fairy, and contribute to making "Hansel and Gretel" one of the most delightful and charming performances we have had for some time on the London stage.

\* \* \*

Since writing my last notes death has been very busy in our midst, and the amusement-loving folk have lost a valuable friend in Mr. Corney Grain. It was a sad coincidence that in one week Mr. Alfred German Reed, Mr. Corney Grain and Mrs. Reed should all be suddenly called away. Mr. German Reed and Mr. Corney Grain were partners in that entertainment well known to us all as "German Reed's." No one that has visited St. George's Hall has ever come away disappointed; nay, rather he has left, feeling all the better for having passed two hours of happy, innocent amusement, and has felt a sympathetic liking for the personality of genial Corney Grain. How many of our country readers have also had the privilege of being amused and entertained by Mr. Grain in their own local town halls or assembly rooms. Mr. Grain was an indefatigable worker, and thought nothing of giving his performance in London in the afternoon and appearing many miles distant in the evening. Stories innumerable have been told concerning him, and one, I think, bears repetition. One of the "New-Rich" sent for Mr. Grain to give his entertainment. On his arrival at the house he was shown into the butler's parlour and provided with some refreshment, while his host and hostess gave a dinner-party upstairs. Mr. Grain, having finished his repast, called the servants together and entertained them for some time with his quips and jokes, then called for his fly to take him back to the station. As he was leaving, Jeames, resplendent in powder, plush and pride, came to inform him that "dinner was hover, and would Mr. Grain go hup to the Droring-room." Corney apologised and explained he had his train to catch, and as he had been shown to the butler's parlour he naturally thought it was the servants he had to amuse, and he had done so, and go "hup to the Droring-room" he didn't, but he got his cheque all the same. Mr. Grain hated snob-bishness in every form, and many of his sketches were devoted to showing up the foibles of present day society. Yet with all his satire, he was never spiteful or venomous; always the same kind, genial Corney Grain. And how he used sometimes to bang that piano. I can see him now, his portly form at the piano, swinging round now and then the better to fire off his jokes at the audience; and how everybody appreciated him. Now alas! it is all over and never more will we be permitted to witness these scenes. How deep and sincere was the grief of all at his sudden and untimely demise was evinced at his funeral,

and at the touching references made about him in many of our pulpits, notably at St. Paul's Cathedral, the Sunday after his death.

Another place of amusement seldom puffed up, like many of our up-to-date burlesque houses, yet one which has become an institution amongst us and where innocent jollity and fun is ever to be found, is the Moore and Burgess Minstrels at the St. James's Hall. A sketch, interspersed with songs, and called "The Black Constabulary," is now filling the boards, and very humorous it is. Churlish indeed would be the person who could find fault with the entire representation, and the veriest curmudgeon he, who could not raise a hearty laugh at the vagaries and eccentricities of these black exponents of the man symbolical of law and order. As long as such places as St. George's and St. James's Halls exist and are patronised, so long will healthy amusement, fun, and frolic be with us, in spite of those who would shut up all such places and have us wear sack-cloth and ashes all the days of our life.

Very shortly after these lines appear in print the Empire of India Exhibition will be opened, and if the ideas are as well carried out as they were originally planned, we can reckon on a pleasant place of resort being provided for us. It has been the outcome of the brain of the creator of "Venice in London," Mr. Imre Kiralfy. The grounds consist of some 20 acres, 16 of which are, or will be, under cover. This exhibition is to be a genuine Indian one and not the farce that many of the former shows at Earl's Court undoubtedly have been. There are four sections: Art, Industries, Manufactures, and Antiquities. And what country is so replete with all these as India? A life-time could be spent in the far East studying the customs and manners, the habits and actions, of our dusky brethren, and yet much would be left to the student. Buddhist, Hindoo, Mahomedan sculpture and art will be there in its genuine form; while snake-charmers, fakirs, Nautch girls, jugglers, will all help to amuse, to elevate, to instruct us. Let us hope, then, that the weather will be propitious, and it should be after the winter we have had. I do not like to say the Gigantic Wheel will be ready, but it has been promised. So it was last year. Any way, at the time of writing it seems to be rapidly approaching completion. No doubt sight-seers and lovers of the quaint and beautiful will flock in their thousands to revel in the delights of Eastern pageantries, forms, and ceremonies.



Winner of March

MEDITATION

[By M. E. Price



ON THE RIVER LLUGWY, BETTWS-Y-COED

[By J. Garnock Jones

# PUZZLEDOM

## 197. Charade

A friend to all the human race  
From Emperor to peasant,  
There's none more missed when not in place  
Or of more use when present.  
Obedient to my patron's will,  
I yield to their control;  
Yet everyone is trying still,  
To put me in a hole.

## 198. Numerical Enigma.

My 7, 8, 4, 3 is a show.  
My 9, 3, 6, 7, 8 is to place in order,  
My 9, 8, 1, 8, is a plant,  
My 2, 3, 9, 8 is a timid animal,  
My whole is an animal indigenous to Australia.

## 199. A Diamond.

A letter; a luminary; a planet; a  
medicine; a river; a consonant.

## CONUNDRUMS.

- 200. When is a thief like a reporter?
- 201. What conundrums are always at home?
- 202. What is the difference between a mother and a barber?
- 203. What crack is invisible to the naked eye?

Five Prizes of Three-Volume Novels, cloth bound, will be awarded to the First Five Competitors sending in correct, or most correct, answers by 20th May. Competitions should be addressed "May Puzzles," THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, Temple House, Temple Avenue, London, E.C. Post cards only, please.

## ANSWERS TO APRIL PUZZLES.

190. *The Pen is mightier than the Sword.*

191. *Spurs.*

192. (1) Braces, (2) Regent, (3) Agenda,  
(4) Center, (5) Endear, (6) Starry.

193. *Because it is uttered, but not aloud.*

194. *Fault.*

195. *When the dove brought the green back into the ark.*

196. *Because brevity is the sole of it.*

The following are the names and addresses of the five winners in Puzzledom in our March Number, to whom the Three-Volume Novels have been sent:—Miss M. L. Williams, The Ryleys, Alderly Edge; A. Sewell, Sunnyside, Bideford, North Devon; H. M. Edwards, Trym Cottage, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol; Miss F. K. Law, 30, Filey Avenue, Stamford Hill, N.; Miss L. K. Begbie, St. Michael's Vicarage, Stockwell Park Road, Clapham, S.W.

## AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

THE first month's Competition, which closed 30th March, was very satisfactory considering the unfavourable time of year it was for photographing. The winning photo is reproduced on the previous page, and we also produce another nicely composed picture which shows more than ordinary photographic talent.

A prize of one guinea will be paid each month to the Competitor sending in the best and most artistic photograph. The Editor's decision on this point to be final.

Subjects may be selected from Landscapes, Seascapes, Studies from Life (people or animals), well-known Buildings, Ruins, &c. The larger the picture the better. But portraits will not be eligible. Silver prints or P.O.P. are preferred for reproduction; Bromide and Platinotype are objectionable.

All photos sent in must be mounted on smooth card and named at the foot of print.

The Competitor's name and address must be written clearly on the back of each subject.

The Coupon, which will be found at the top of the Contents page of this number of THE LUDGATE MAGAZINE, must be cut out and pasted on the back of any one photo sent in and be signed by the Competitor.

A Competitor may send in any number of photographs, provided they are sent in one parcel and accompanied by a Coupon. One Coupon will be sufficient for each parcel, whether it contains one or more photos, and should be addressed, "May Photos," THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, Temple House, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.

No photographs will be returned under any circumstances, but will remain the property of the Editor.

The winning photo for the month, together with such other photos that the Editor may select, will be reproduced in THE LUDGATE, together with the winner's name and address.

The Competition for May will close on the 30th May and the winner will be announced in our July Number.

The Prize of One Guinea for the March Competition has been awarded to M. E. Price, 23, Lulworth Road, Birkdale, Southport.

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chapters.

THE AUTHORESS: But there are no chapters!

MR. F.: Um—I should have said, I meant just  
the opening descriptive passages.

THE AUTHORESS (coldly): There are no descrip-  
tive passages.

MR. F.: Oh, yes, of course, I meant the preface.

THE AUTHORESS (icily): There is no preface.  
(The last that was seen of him he was edging towards  
the door.)

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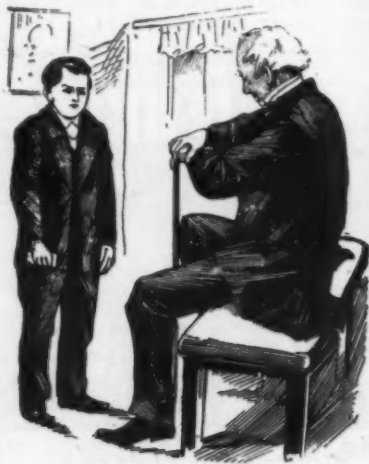
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